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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of a Voyage round the World, in the Uranie and Physicienne Corvettes, commanded by Captain Freycinet. In a Series of Letters, &c. By J. Arago, Draftsman to the Expedition, &c. &c. 4to. pp. 582. London 1823. Treuttel, Würtz, & Co.

This volume is too large and too late in the week to permit of our doing much more with it than noticing its appearance, and giving a specimen or two of its contents. It is in the highest French style—fantastic, sentimental, and characteristic. After doubling the Cape, and visiting the Isle of France, the voyagers in 45 days arrived at Endracht's Land, the Peninsula of Péron, on the West Coast of New Holland, where they landed, and we find the following details—

“In the evening we anchored two leagues from the shore, in eleven fathoms water, on a bottom of sand and broken shells. A prodigious number of whales were sporting on the waves, approaching the vessel, which they sometimes struck with their enormous tails, and spouting into the air brilliant jets of water that reflected the colours of the rainbow. Several monstrous sharks likewise followed, in a constant and regular course, the light track of the ship; while a few turtle of prodigious size seemed, with their hard shell, to brave the mardorous teeth of the most voracious of fish.”

“The savages had been presented with necklaces of glass beads, looking-glasses, and little knives: they had sent clubs and assagays; and this species of barter appeared to please them much. One of my friends, M. Adam, made them a present of a pair of drawers: these they tore to pieces, and shared the fragments. They obstinately refused to drink some wine and water which was put into a bottle; and rubbed their bodies with a piece of bacon, which a sailor had bartered for a small club. But what they appeared most to admire was a plate of tin, which they handed from one to another, and which was ultimately kept by the oldest of the troop. All these exchanges were made with a certain mistrust on the part of the savages: they watched us as dangerous enemies, and were continually pointing to the ship, exclaiming, *Ayerkadé, ayerkadé*, (Go away, go away.)

“Desirous, however, of knowing whether they were destitute of fresh water, as we supposed, I fixed their attention by some gestures, and pretended to drink some seawater out of the hollow of my hand. They did not appear to be surprised at it, and showed no signs of aversion, though I am certain they understood me.

“They were divided into three bands. The first (I mean the boldest) had come down on the shore, and by degrees had approached within a few paces of us: two of these only had long curly beards; the others appeared very young. The second remained on a hillock of white sand, better than a quarter of

a mile from us; and the third, in which we perceived a woman, was on the summit of the hill above our heads. The savages on the shore scarcely allowed us to approach them pretty near, except for a few moments: they fled with astonishing rapidity when we attempted to go close to them; yet I wished to ascertain the character of their physiognomy, and of the different marks on their bodies, to be enabled to impart more truth to my drawings. I thought, therefore, I should succeed better by endeavouring to accost those who were above our heads; and a still more cogent reason determined me to take this step. I had already remarked, that previous to their making certain movements, the savages, who seemed disposed to attack us, frequently turned their eyes toward an old man, painted with stripes of various colours, who seemed to give them orders, and was distinguished from the rest by a shell hanging to his girdle, and covering his navel. This old man, towards whom I directed my steps, making friendly signs, and crying *tayo*, held under his arm an animal resembling a little lion-dog, painted red. The woman was near him, and carried an infant seated on her hips, supporting him with her hand, or with a girdle of hair. When I was pretty near, she retired behind some shrubs, not out of modesty, or to avoid my looks (she was perfectly naked,) but because she appeared to be afraid. In vain did I show the old man a white handkerchief, and make motions as if I would throw it, in order to give it him; he still preserved the most immovable stillness. At last I recollected that I had a pair of castanets in my pocket, and presuming that the sound might please them, by playing a sort of tune on them, I began to rattle them briskly. Judge of my pleasure: the old man rose with astonishment, and, without quitting his weapons or his little animal, fell to dancing in such a grotesque manner that we were ready to die with laughing. Some of the savages of the first band, following his example, danced also; while one of them, sitting on his heels, beat on an assagay with two little clubs, without keeping time, or seeming to regard it. I held out my castanets to the old man, and surprised, no doubt, that so small an instrument should make so much noise, he showed me, as if to induce me to barter, the animal of which he appeared so fond; giving me to understand, that he would leave his present on the hill, near a shrub which he pointed out, after I should have deposited mine there. But I was not to be duped by his offer; I knew already how little dependence was to be placed on the engagements which they appeared to contract. Several of our people had been deceived by their empty promises, and had found nothing in the places where they had led us to expect they would leave some article.”

“The sun sets: every thing is dead. The myriads of flies that devoured us have disappeared; no insect wings through the air;

no voice disturbs the silence of this melancholy solitude; a sharp cold benumbs the limbs.—The sun re-appears: the air is again peopled; a consuming heat oppresses us; we seek repose, and find nothing but fatigue. What a frightful abode!”

They try to cultivate an intercourse with the natives in vain:—“These poor wretches appeared to be more alarmed than pleased at our arrival. Messrs. Bérard and Requin joined me in requesting permission to ascend the down on which they were posted; and there we made our exchanges, or rather offered them presents. M. Requin even undressed himself, to remove from them every fear; but this mark of courage and confidence led to no result. They sent us with wonderful address, and turning round, a club badly made; a very dirty fan; some cassowary's feathers; two bladders painted red, filled with very fine down, with which, I suppose, they paint their bodies; and an assagay of hard wood, six feet long, and not over sharp. After our barter, we pretended to follow them, in order to try their courage; when they disappeared with astonishing swiftness.

“But from the height which we had ascended we discovered an immense tract of level ground, sandy and barren; resembling a smooth and misty sea at a distance. This tract was only broken by a lake two short leagues off, stretching in the direction of the coast of the peninsula, where was our first camp, and on its border we distinguished a great deal of smoke. Immediately our plan was fixed; and, accompanied by a servant armed like ourselves, we proceeded toward the spot, where we supposed the savages had fixed their habitation. The heat was suffocating, and we were without water: but we reckoned upon returning soon, or finding some in the interior; for how could we suppose that the savages had settled in a place wholly destitute of it? Alas! our expectations were balked: every where prevailed the same frightful sterility. It appeared, that these poor creatures saw us at a distance, for we sought their huts in vain; and merely observed here and there some marks of fires recently extinguished, without finding a single tree, a single shrub, a single streamlet of water, where the wretched inhabitant could quench his thirst, or the traveller shelter himself from the scorching sun.

“Of five lakes we passed, three were dried up. The ground is every where sandy, red in some places, covered with little shells, and encumbered with parasite brambles, the bark of which appeared to have been destroyed by the heat and age. We noticed some footprints of animals unknown to us; and in the space of six leagues saw only a single kangaroo. At length we returned by the Bay of Seals, where we saw a prodigious number of those animals, which contended, no doubt, with clouds of pelicans assembled at the south point of the cove, for the sovereignty of the place, which I yield to them with all my heart.”

- "Several of our people attempted different excursions on the peninsula, without seeing any, and without finding a single rivulet of fresh water. It is to be presumed, therefore, that these poor people drink only salt water, and live wholly on fish, shell fish, and a kind of pulse resembling our French beans, that is met with here and there in the interior of the country."

- "We proceeded directly toward some moderately high downs, which we perceived about two leagues from us, and which we found it difficult to reach, on account of the numberless sinuosities of the lake in all directions. As soon as we had ascended the highest, we discharged our pieces, and were answered by a prodigious number of birds, in plumage resembling our ducks, and in voice our ravens."

"During this little excursion, too, we saw one of those holes, mentioned by Péron in his Voyage to the Austral Countries, in which he supposes the savages dwell. For my part, I do not think so. The opening is round; it is about four or five feet in diameter; the depth is seven or eight feet, and perpendicular. At the bottom is a circular bench, on which there were still some dry leaves; it was two feet high, and I remarked near it a little earth, which appeared to have recently fallen there. I suppose the savages, to ascend, place their feet at the extremities of the diameters of the pit, in the same way as our little chimney-sweepers. Supposing M. Péron to be right in his conjecture, I should like to know how the savages protect themselves against the rain, in a hole with so large an aperture, as I do not perceive any means they would have for closing it, unless we ascribe to these poor creatures a degree of industry, of which they appear totally destitute, looking merely at their weapons and wretched huts.—This pit, covered with a little earth and a few branches, was probably dug to catch some wild beast; this opinion at least appears to me the most plausible."

"They are of a middling stature; their skin is as black as ebony; their eyes are small and lively; they have a broad forehead, flat nose, large mouth, thick lips, and white teeth; their breast is tolerably broad, and covered, as well as the belly, with little incisions; their extremities are slender; their motions quick and numerous; their gestures rapid; their weapons not very dangerous; their agility is surprising; their language noisy. Some of them are tattooed with red. The woman we saw had her forehead tattooed. A shell hanging from the girdle appeared to me to distinguish the chief of the troop, supposing it to pay obedience to any other chief than nature."

(To be continued.)

The Select Melodies of Scotland, interspersed with those of Ireland and Wales, united to the Songs of R. Burns, Sir W. Scott, &c. &c. With Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano Forte, by Pleyel, Kozeluch, Haydn, and Beethoven. The whole collected in 5 vols. By George Thomson, F.A.S. Edinburgh.

THE beauties of this collection in its original folio size have long been known and appreciated by the public. To poetry of the highest lyrical class, music the most appropriate was adapted or composed; and the union, as might be anticipated, was imme-

diately rewarded by great and passionate popularity. Encouraged by this success, Mr. Thomson has not relaxed in his course; but has rather increased the obligations of his country by producing this new edition "in a smaller and cheaper form," certainly calculated for even a wider circulation, and enriched by many admirable poetical and musical additions.

We have now before us the 1st, 2d, and 4th Volumes of this collection (the 3d has not reached us, and we do not know that the 5th has yet been published,) and shall endeavour to render an account of some of their attractions. But previous to entering upon the subject of Song, we beg to say something on the Preface and very excellent Dissertation which lead in the first volume. In the former, Mr. Thomson enumerates the sources explored for the simple and pure melodies of his native land; justly congratulates himself on his good fortune in enlisting musical talents of so high an order as those employed on the work, especially in Haydn, who devoted three years to the characteristic and delightful symphonies, of which he composed about one half; and, lastly, states the names of the distinguished bards who, after Burns, poured their contributions into his splendid store, among whom we recognize Scott, Campbell, J. Baillie, Mrs. Grant, Sir A. Boswell, Mrs. J. Hunter, and W. Smyth, besides selections from Ramsay, Thomson, Smollett, Hamilton, Macneil, Hogg, &c. &c.

The Dissertation on Scottish Music is a most able and entertaining essay. It points out the essential difference between the melodies of the Highlands and Lowlands; and goes into an interesting inquiry into the style of the latter. The Scottish national scale of music is the modern diatonic scale, divested of the fourth and seventh: thus



which it is impossible to hear without feeling how entirely it possesses the character of Scottish melody, and is the foundation of all the ancient airs. It would carry us too far to follow the author into his details; suffice it to observe, that he notices the variations of the above scale as well as its improvements; denies that Rizzio composed any of the Scottish airs, and ascribes the sweet pastoral music of the Lowlands to the shepherds and peasantry of Tweedside. On these points we extract a few passages, beginning with an anecdote.

- "It is (says Mr. T.) very possible for a modern composer, who is acquainted with the peculiar character of our melodies, to imitate them very exactly. Thus, the 'Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon' was composed by a gentleman of Edinburgh, who had been jocularly told that a Scottish air could be produced by merely running the fingers over the black keys of a piano-forte, which give precisely the progression of the national scale. It is certain, however, that the imitators of Scottish airs have never been sufficiently aware of the properties of this scale; and therefore their productions, though often pretty, and sometimes tolerably Scottish in their style, can, in general, be easily detected, from their containing notes, essential to the melody, which do not belong to the national scale."

The community of certain airs to Scotland and Ireland is thus naturally accounted for:

"Some airs, indeed, are claimed by both countries; but, by means of the harpers or pipers, who used to wander through the two, particular airs might become so common to both, as to make it questionable which of the countries gave them birth."

"The musical compositions of the Celtic tribes (we do not refer to the age of Ossian,) were chiefly marches, pibrochs, laments, &c. complicated in their structure, and of a warlike character; while the Lowland music, on the contrary, consisted of little simple melodies of the most artless cast, adapted entirely to express the feelings of individuals,—their hopes, their loves, their joys, or their griefs. It has already been shewn, that, from their conformity to that scale which is natural to the human voice in an uncultivated state, the greater part of them must have originated at a period anterior to the introduction of any tolerable instrumental music; and, consequently, before the existence of that class of men with whom Dr. Franklin supposes them to have originated."

"While we, therefore, are very much inclined to believe, with Mr. Ritson and Dr. Beattie, that the Lowland melodies originated among the pastoral inhabitants of the country; yet we are also disposed to think that many of the more artificial and less ancient melodies may have been produced by the minstrels or harpers,—and thus far only can we agree with Dr. Franklin. It may be too much, perhaps, to assign the honour to the shepherds and milkmaids in the district of the Tweed, to the exclusion of other classes and other districts; yet it must be confessed, that the names of a number of the melodies and songs, such as Tweedside, Braes of Yarrow, Ettrick Banks, Broom of Cowdenknows, Gala Water, &c. give a fair colour for the local preference. What a highly favoured district then is that of the Tweed and its tributary streams, if it produced our best ancient airs and ballads; while in our own day, it has given birth to that mighty master of the lyre, whose transcendent genius commands universal homage wherever our language is known, from the Tweed to the Orkades, and from the Mississippi to the Ganges!"

The following information is curious:

"In the Preface to a small volume of Spiritual Songs, called 'The Saints' Recreation,' published at Edinburgh in 1683, compiled by Mr. William Geddes, minister of the gospel, we are told, that 'grave and zealous Divines in the kingdom have composed godly Songs to the tunes of such old songs as these,—The bonny broom—I'll never leave thee—We'll all go pull the hadder; and such like.' Mr. Geddes proceeds to speak of the tunes as angelical, and, after reproaching the diabolical amorous sonnets to which they were sung, suggests the probability of their having formerly been connected with spiritual hymns and songs. There is a singular little Work, which first appeared before the end of the 16th century, a new edition of which was published by Andrew Hart, Edinburgh, in 1621, and republished by A. Constable, Edinburgh, in 1801, entitled 'Ane compendious Booke of Godly and Spiritual Songs, collectit out of sundrie parts of the Scripture, with sundrie of other Ballates, changed out of prophane Sanges, for avoyding of Sin and Harlotrie, &c. In this we find a number of puritanical rhapsodies, several of which,

from the first lines, and from the measure in which they are written, seem applicable to particular Scottish tunes. One of these godly songs begins in the very words of a well known old Scottish one viz.

Johne cum kis me now, The Lord thy God I am,
Johne cum kis me now, That Johne dois the call.
Johne cum kis me now, Johne represents man
And make no more adow. By grace celestiall.

Another of the godly Songs begins thus :

Hey now the day dallis, Now wealth on our wallis,
Now Christ on us callis, Appears anone, &c.

This exactly suits the tune, *Hey tutti taiti*, which used to be sung to words beginning, "Landlady count the lawin, the day is near the dawning." And there is every probability of its being the same with *The jolly day now dawin*, mentioned by Gawin Douglas in the last prologue to his translation of Virgil, written in 1513; and also by the poet Dunbar, who, addressing the merchants of Edinburgh, says,

Your common Menstrals hes no tone
But Now the day dawis—and Into Joun.

Thus, whatever may be thought of the tradition, that *Hey tutti taiti* was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn in 1314, it appears to be one of the oldest Scottish tunes concerning which we have any written evidence. There is a third godly Song in the same publication, beginning—

Till our Gudeman, till our Gudeman,
Keep faith and love till our Gudeman,
For our Gudeman in hevin does reigne,
In gloire and bliss without ending, &c.

This is perfectly adapted to the well known tune, called *Our gudeman*, or, *The auld gudeman*; it is probable, therefore, that the latter was another of the popular Scottish tunes when the Compendious Book was published.

"There is a tradition, that John Anderson my jo—Maggie Lauder—Kind Robin loves me—and some other favourite Scottish airs, were originally attached to hymns in the Latin service. But Mr. Ritson shews the absurdity of this idea."

"The *Orpheus Caledonius* seems to have been the earliest Collection in which the favourite Scottish Airs appeared in conjunction with the Songs. It was published about the year 1725, by W. Thomson, London, who republished it, and added a second volume, in 1738.

"The *Ten-table Miscellany*, published by the celebrated Allan Ramsay, in 1724, was the first general Collection in which the admired Scottish Songs appeared without the Airs, though the poet had brought forward a smaller publication of the Songs some years before."

The size of the new edition is very convenient, and yet large enough for distinctness. All Burns' songs, above 100, are in the collection; and fifty original and charming melodies and songs have been added since the folio publication. It is thus every way a work such as might be highly estimated on the principle laid down by Dr. Burney, viz. that "It should be a principal object of mankind to attach the fair sex by every means to music, as it is the only amusement that may be enjoyed to excess, and the heart still remain virtuous and uncorrupt." It seems to have been the great object of the editor of the publication to brighten and refine that amusement; and accordingly, amidst all the variety of admirable songs which these volumes contain, whether of the plaintive, amatory, gay, or humorous class, not one will be found offensive to the purest mind, or in the slightest degree inimical to female de-

licacy. To illustrate this great commendation, we shall present our readers with a few specimens of the novelties here introduced. We begin with an original of the immortal Burns;

Bonny wee Thing.

Bonny wee thing, canny wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine
I would wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.
Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonny face of thine,
And my heart it stounds with anguish,
Lest my wee thing be not mine.

Bonny wee thing, canny wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine
I would wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.
Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In one constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess of this soul of mine.

To follow this simple song we take one by the living ornament of Scotland, Sir W. Scott.

Nora's Vow.

Hear what Highland Nora said :

"The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of Nature die,
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valour lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son."

"A maiden's vows, (old Callum spoke),
Are lightly made and lightly broke;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae;
Yet, Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the Earlie's son."

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruachan fall, and crush Kilchurn.
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son.
Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild swan made,
Ben-Cruachan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
No highland brogue has turn'd the heel:
But Nora's heart is lost and won,
—She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

In the second volume we find a pretty descriptive ballad to the air lately rendered so popular by Miss Stephens, "O Charlie is my darling."

'Twas on a Monday morning,
When birds were singing clear,
That Charlie to the Highlands came,
The gallant Chevalier.
O Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
O Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

When Charlie to Glenfinnan came,
To chase the hart and hind,
O many chief his banner braid
Was waving in the wind.—O Charlie, &c.

They wou'd nae bide to chase the roes,
Or start the mountain deer,
But aff they march'd wi' Charlie,
The gallant Chevalier.—O Charlie, &c.

Now up the wild Glenevis,

And down by Lochy side,
Young Malcolm leaves his shealing,
And Donald leaves his bride.—O Charlie, &c.

Out o'er the rocky mountain,
And down the primrose glen,
Of naething else our lasses sing,
But Charlie and his men.—O Charlie, &c.

When Charlie to Dunedin came,—
In haste to Holyrood
Came many a fair and stately dame,
Of noble name and blood.—O Charlie, &c.

They proudly wore the milk-white rose
For him they lo'ed sae dear,
And gied their sons to Charlie,
The young Chevalier.—O Charlie, &c.

And many a gallant Scottish chief
Came round their Prince to cheer,
For Charlie was their darling,
The young Chevalier.—O Charlie, &c.

And when they feasted in the ha',
Each loyal heart was gay,
And ay where Charlie cast his een
They shed a kindly ray.—O Charlie, &c.

Around our Scottish thistle's head
There's many a pointed spear,
And many a sword shall wave around
Our young Chevalier.—O Charlie, &c.

The following words by Mr. J. Richardson, to the well-known tune of "Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae," are elegant and forcible:

O Nancy wilt thou leave the town,
And go with me where Nature dwells;
I'll lead thee to a fairer scene
Than painter feigns, or poet tells.
In spring, I'll place the snow-drop fair
Upon thy fairer, sweeter breast;
With lovely roses round thy head
At summer eve shalt thou be drest.
In autumn when the rustling leaf
Shall warn us of the parting year,
I'll lead thee to yon woody glen,
The redbreast's evening song to hear.
And when the winter's dreary night
Forbids us leave our shelter'd cot,
Then in the treasure of thy mind
Shall Nature's charms be all forgot.

From the third volume we take, though it is in the folio, "Old and New Times," by Sir A. Boswell: the tune is the good one of Kellyburn Braes:

Hech! what a change ha'e we now in this town!
The lads a' sae braw, the lasses a' glancin',
Folk maun be dizzie gaun ay in the roon', [dancin'].
For de'il a haer's done now but feasin' and

Gowd's no that scanty in ilk siller pock;
When ilka bit laddie maun ha'e his bit scaigie;
But I kent the day when there was nae a Jock.
But trotted about upon honest shanks-naigie.

Little was stown then, and less gaed to waste,
Barely a mullin for mice or for rattens;
The thrifty housewife to the flesh-market paced,
Her equipage a'—just a gude pair o' pattens.

Folk were as good then, and friends were as leal,
Tho' coaches were scant, wi' their cattle a-cantrie;

Right air we were tell't by the house-maid or chiel,
Sir, an' ye please, here's your lass and a lantern.

The town may be clouted and pieced, till it meets
A' neebours demorth and besouth, without halein',
Brigs may be biggit our lums and our strouets,
The Nor'loch itsel' heap'd heigh as the Calton.

But whar is true friendship, and whar will you see
A' that is gude, honest, modest, and thrifty?
Tak' gray hairs and wrinkles, and hisle wi' me,
And think on the seventeen hundred and fifty.

To contrast this and conclude our notice, we select

Clerk Richard and Maid Margaret.

There were two who loved each other
For many years, 'till hate did start;
And yet they never quite could smother
The former love that warm'd their heart:
And both did love, and both did hate;
Till both fulfill'd the will of fate.

Years after, and the maid did marry
One that her heart had ne'er approv'd;
Nor longer could Clerk Richard tarry,
Where he had lost all that he lov'd:
To foreign lands he reckless went,
To nourish love, hate, discontent.

A word, an idle word of folly,
Had spill'd their love when it was young;
And hatred, grief, and melancholy,
In either heart as idly sprung:

And yet they loved, and hate did wane,
And much they wished to meet again.
Of Richard still is Margaret dreaming,
His image lingered in her breast;

And oft at midnight to her seeming
Her former lover stood confest;
And shedding on her bosom tears,
The bitter wrecks of happier years.

Where'er he went, by land or ocean,
Still Richard sees Dame Margaret there;
And every throb and kind emotion
His bosom knew were felt for her;

And never new love hath he cherished,
The power to love with first love perished.
Homeward is Clerk Richard sailing,
An altered man from him of old;

His hate had changed to bitter wailing,
And love resumed its wonted hold
Upon his heart, which yearned to see
The haunts and loves of infancy.

He knew her faithless,—nathless ever
He loved her though no more his own;
Nor could he proudly now disaveer
The chain that round his heart was thrown;

He loved her, without hope, yet true,
And sought her, but to say Adieu.
For even in parting there is pleasure,
A sad sweet joy that wrings the soul;

And there is grief surpassing measure,
That will not bide nor brook controul;
And yet a formal fond leave taking
Does ease the heart albeit by breaking.

Oh! there is something in the feeling
And trembling falter of the hand;
And something in the tear down stealing,
And voice so broken, yet so bland—

And something in the word Farewell,
Which worketh like a powerfull spell.
These lovers met and never parted;
They met as lovers went to do,

Who meet when both are broken-hearted,
To breathe a last and long adieu.
Pale Margaret wept, Clerk Richard sighed,
And in each other's arms they died.

From these specimens (though we cannot exhibit the sweet music attached to them,) our readers may gather that this work is most worthy of the lovers of harmony. We know no musical collection at all equal to it, and are sure it will afford the utmost delight in every family circle where it is received. The vignettes and the etchings by which the work is embellished, from the designs of Stothard and Allan, possess very uncommon merit; they are full of nature and humour, and are finely characteristic of the Scottish peasantry. Burns, speaking of those etchings by Allan, in one of his letters, says,

"Pride in Poets is nae sin; and I will say it, that I look on Mr. Allan and Mr. Burns to be the only genuine painters of Scottish costume in the world."

A Narrative of the Expedition to Dongola and Sennar, under the command of Ismael Pasha. By an American in the service of the Viceroy of Egypt. 8vo. pp. 232. J. Murray. London 1822.

OPHTHALMIA, which prevented his seeing much, and an indifferent style (like a bad translation,) which prevents his telling very cleverly what he did see, are great drawbacks upon this author, who penetrated into countries so very little known to Europe, that his narrative otherwise might have been of great interest. It nevertheless contains a few curious particulars, and of these, without troubling ourselves with the prevailing refuse, we shall form a summary for the information of our readers.

According to the testimony before us, Mehemmed, the Pasha of Egypt, is making rapid strides in improvement and conquest. He has, for instance, cut a navigable passage through the rocks of the first Cataract, is pursuing the same course among the difficult passes of the second, has made a canal from the Nile to Alexandria, and established many manufactories under European superintendence. And the Expedition of his son Ismael (to which the writer was attached,) has rendered Succoot, Machass, Dongola, Shageia, Monasier, Isyout, Rab-a-Tab, Berber, Haliya, Sennaar, Darfour, and Kordofan, tributary provinces of the Egyptian Pashalik.

To join the force which accomplished these conquests, our author set out from Wady Halfa in Sept. or Oct. 1820, and proceeded in a boat up the Nile, of which his journal gives as dry a history as that river could well afford. We discover that he is the person who visited Mr. Waddington in his progress upwards, and who is spoken of so contemptuously by that gentleman; but the present volume contains an apology for the stigma, and restores our American, whether Renegade or Christian, to all his original character. Judging of him from the internal evidence of his own volume, we should hardly have been inclined to offer any excuse. The vile conduct of his military companions is not, we must say, strongly contrasted by his language or sentiments (pages 63, 67, 68, &c.) After passing Meroé, the author gives the following account of the pyramids, visible from that place:

"They stand about half a mile from the right hand bank of the river. I counted twenty-seven, none of them perfect, and most of them in ruins; the greater part of them are built of stone, and are evidently much more ancient than those of Meroé. The largest is probably more than a hundred feet square, and something more in height. It presents a singularity in its construction worthy of notice. It is a pyramid within a pyramid; i.e. the inner pyramid has been cased over by a larger one; one of its sides being in ruins makes this peculiarity visible. By climbing up the ruined side, it is easy to reach its summit. No remains of a city or any traces of temples are visible in the immediate vicinity of this place, which is called by the natives 'Turboot.'"

From two days' journey above the Iale of Kendi, the author set out to cross the desert for Berber, as the river makes an immense

elbow here, perhaps 250 miles, including in it the third Cataract, and being rapids nearly all the way.

"The country of the Berbers, after the best information I have been able to obtain, is small, not extending, from the upper end of the third cataract, more than eight days march in length on both sides of the Nile. The Bahar el Uswood, or Black river, bounds it (i.e. on the eastern bank) on the south, and separates it from the territory of Shendi. The cultivable land reaches generally to the distance of one or two miles from the river. It is overflowed generally at the inundation, and its produce is very abundant, consisting in durra, wheat, barley, beans, cotton, a small grain called 'duchan,' tobacco, and some garden vegetables similar to those of Egypt. Berber also raises great numbers of horned cattle, sheep, goats, camels, asses, and very fine horses. It is very populous, the succession of villages being almost continued along the road on both sides of the river. The houses are built of clay, covered with a flat roof of beams overlaid generally with straw; but the houses of the Maleks have generally terraced roofs of beaten clay. This manner of building is sufficient in a country where no great quantity of rain falls throughout the year. Some of the houses of the peasants are formed of trusses of cornstalks, and placed side by side in a perpendicular position, and lashed together, with roofs of the same materials. All the people sleep upon bedsteads, as they do also in Dongola and Shageia: these bedsteads are composed of an oblong frame of wood, standing on four short legs, the sides of the frame supporting a close network of leathern thongs, on which the person sleeps; it is elastic and comfortable.

"Berber contains plenty of salt, which the natives find in some calcareous mountains between the desert and the fertile land. In its natural state, it is found mingled with a brown earth, with which the stone of those mountains is intermixed. This earth the natives dilute with water, which absorbs the salt and leaves the earth at the bottom; they then pour off the water into another vessel, and, by exposing it to the sun or fire, the water is evaporated and the salt remains.

"The assemblage of villages which compose the capital of Nourseddin, contains houses enough for a population of five or six thousand souls, but I do not believe that the actual population of those villages is so great.

"The language is Arabic, perfectly intelligible to the natives of Egypt, but containing some ancient words at present disused on the lower Nile; for instance, the Berber calls a sheep 'Kebesh.' [Hebrew, signifying a lamb.]

"As to the climate, the difference between the heat at two hours after noon in the month of the vernal equinox, and at an hour before sunrise, has been as great as ten degrees of the thermometer of Reaumur, as I have been informed by one of the medical staff attached to the army, who was in possession of that instrument. It is at present the commencement of spring, and the heat at two hours after mid-day, at least to the sense, is as great as in the month of the summer solstice, in Cairo. I have seen no ferocious animals, either in Berber or the country below, and believe that they are rare."

From Berber a division under Abdin Cacheff was sent against Dongola, and the main army moved on Shendi by eight days' easy marches. "Our route (says the author) from Berber

led us through a country consisting of immense plains of fertile soil, extending many miles from the river, and mostly covered with herbage; mountains or hills were rarely visible.* We passed many large villages, most of which stood far off from the river, to be out of the reach of the inundation. The houses of these villages, particularly as we approached Shendi, were generally built with sloping roofs of thatched straw, which indicated that this is a country visited by the rains. We hardly ever, during our march, came in view of the river, except to encamp.

"On the 10th of the moon, I went to Shendi on the east bank, which is the capital of the country. I traversed the town with some surprise; the houses are low, but well built of clay. Large areas, walled in for the reception of the merchandise brought by the caravans, are to be seen in various parts of the town, which is large, containing probably five or six thousand inhabitants; the streets are wide and airy, regular market places are found there, where, beside meat, butter, grain and vegetables are also to be purchased, spices brought from Jidda, gum arabic, beads, and other ornaments for the women. The people of Shendi have a bad character, being both ferocious and fraudulent. Great numbers of slaves of both sexes, from Abyssinia and Darfour, are to be found here, at a moderate price, a handsome Abyssinian girl selling for about forty or fifty dollars. - - - Shendi stands about half a mile from the easterly bank of the river. Its immediate environs are sandy; it derives its importance solely from being the rendezvous of the caravans of Sennaar and the neighbouring countries going to Mecca or Egypt. The territory belonging to the chief of Shendi is said to be very large, but by no means peopled in proportion to its extent. He can, however, in conjunction with the Malek of Halfya, bring into the field thirty thousand horsemen, mounted on steeds probably as beautiful as any found in any country in the world."

On the 26th the camp had reached the Bahar el Abiud, where the Nile falls into that river, and where the Pasha crossed into Sennaar. "Immediately on my arrival (the traveller says) I drank of this river, being, probably, the first man of Frank origin that ever tasted its waters."

"The Nile is not half as broad as the Bahar el Abiud, which is, from bank to bank, one mile higher than where the Nile joins it, about a mile and a quarter in breadth. It comes, as far as we can see it, from the west-south-west. The Nile of Bruce must, therefore, after the expedition of Ismael Pasha, be considered as a branch of a great and unexplored river, which may possibly be found to be connected with the Niger. - - -

* The other side of the river, at least as often and as far as we could see it, presented the same appearance. The only mountains we saw on the other side of the river, were those of "Attar Baal," at the foot of which (they lie near the river, about three days march north of Shendi) are, as I have learned, to be seen the ruins of a city, temples, and fifty-four pyramids. This, I am inclined to believe, was the site of the famous Meroë, the capital of the island of that name. The territory in which these ruins are found is in fact nearly surrounded by rivers, being bounded on the west by the Nile, on the south by the rivers Ratt and Dander, and on the north by the Bahar el Iswood. All these three rivers empty into the Nile.

"By the 29th, in the afternoon, i. e. in two days and a half, the Pasha had finished transporting into Sennaar the whole of his camp, consisting of about six thousand persons, with the artillery, ammunition, tents, baggage, horses, camels, and asses, by the aid of nine boats, none of them large, an expedition, I believe, unparalleled in the annals of Turkish warfare."

"During our stay on the other side of the Bahar el Abiud, it was reported in the camp that some of the Mogrebin soldiers, gone out to shoot gazelles, had killed in the desert which lies off from the river, an animal resembling a bull, except that its feet were like those of a camel. I did not see this animal, but the story was affirmed to me by several."

"The army, on its crossing the Bahar el Abiud, encamped on the point of land just below which the Bahar el Abiud and the Nile join each other. The water of the Bahar el Abiud is sweetish and whitish, and has a peculiar sweetish taste. The soldiers said that 'the water of the Bahar el Abiud would not quench thirst.' This notion probably arose from the circumstance that they were never tired of drinking it, it is so light and sweet. The water of the Nile is at present perfectly pure and transparent, but by no means so agreeable to the palate as that of the Bahar el Abiud, as I experimented myself, drinking first of the Bahar el Abiud, and then walking about two hundred yards across the point, and drinking of the Nile, the water of which appeared to me hard and tasteless in comparison."

"Nothing of the kind could be easier than to ascend the Bahar el Abiud from the place where we are. A canja, well manned and armed, and accompanied by another boat containing provisions for four or six months, and both furnished with grapnels to enable them at night to anchor in the river, might, in my opinion, ascend and return securely: as the tribes on its borders have great dread of fire-arms, and will hardly dare to meddle with those who carry them."

"We stayed on the Sennaar side of the Bahar el Abiud till the 1st of Ramadan, when the army commenced its march for Sennaar, the capital, proceeding by the bank of the Nile. The army reached Sennaar in thirteen days." - - -

"The country we traversed is that part of the kingdom of Sennaar which lies between the Nile and the Bahar el Abiud. It is an immense and fertile plain, occupied by numerous villages, some of them very large; that of 'Wahat Medinet,' for instance, containing, probably, four or five thousand inhabitants. What country we saw was, at this season, perfectly naked of grass, consisting generally of immense fields, which in the season past had been planted with durra. Acacia trees, and bushes in the country far back from the river (which is sandy,) were abundant, but no herbage was visible; I did not see throughout our route a single water-wheel; and I believe that the country is only cultivated when the inundation has retired."

"The houses of the villages are built in the following manner. A circle of stakes is planted in the ground, a conical frame of poles attached to these stakes below, and meeting and fastened at the top of the cone, forms the roof. This roof, and the sides of the house, are then covered with thatched straw, which suffices to exclude the rains."

(To be concluded in our next.)

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

HAVING given an ample epitome of this work in our last Number (which we were enabled to do by procuring the fourth volume per mail from the North sooner than the general cargo shipped at Leith could arrive,) we left ourselves little to do, except to offer a few remarks, which, in order to leave our narrative clear, we refrained from interpolating in the review. Nor would we now be tempted to resume the topic, were it not that we can very shortly say all that we wish to say upon it.

In *Peveril of the Peak* there are perhaps more striking instances of dramatic talent, of the highest kind, than in any other of the author's works. Nearly all the dialogues are masterly; and assisting the imagination, in addition to the descriptions, they place the leading characters, as it were, before the eyes of the reader. Thus it is that we have such glowing images of the King, of Buckingham, of Fenella, of Sir Geoffrey, of Bridgenorth; and of the little less marked Hero and Heroine, of Lady Derby, Ned Christian, the Chiffinchs, Hudson, Lady Peveril, Debbitch, and others of inferior note. These are like *Vandyke Portraits*, and form a gallery of great excellence.

When we follow them, however, through their course of action, we are not so well satisfied with the artist. We think his foundation sandy. Such a revenge as Christian's would not in nature have stooped to such dilatory means of gratification; far more improbable is it that so fiend-like a passion could be instilled into the young mind of Fenella. The latter indeed, though a wonderfully fine creation of the fancy, is inconsistently drawn;—her self-denial is incredible, and her agency super-human. The explanations condescended by the author are by no means satisfactory; and this defect augments the chief blemish of the Novel, namely, that the fictitious under-plot does not combine happily with the incidents derived from history.

Another defect, in our mind, is that the villains and profligates of the story are much too barefaced in their avowals. An utterly undisguised scoundrel, bragging of his infamy, as virtuous but weak persons do of their good deeds, is, as far as our observation on humanity goes, a *rara avis*; and we cannot therefore be but surprised to hear Buckingham, Christian, Blood, Chiffinch, Saville, and others, boasting of their iniquities more openly than a gang of robbers would do of their exploits. Ingenuousness, we take it, is not often an accompaniment of conscious wickedness and a guilty life.

A considerable proportion of the first two volumes of *Peveril* is dull, or rather heavy; but the latter moiety redeems this fault by its truly Shakespearian identifications of character.

The style may be designated generally as careless; as it is hardly corrected beyond the common pace of an English scholar and practised writer, even in the most brilliant passages. Innumerable examples of this might be adduced—"that he was become a client," "a family of no less than six children," "well nigh dead for cold," &c. &c. &c. But our parenthesis is enough, and we shall only notice that haste is so apparent, that even the names of the parties are frequently mis-spelt and confounded; and within five pages, vol. 2, we have "predecessor" used twice instead of "successor." Some strong Scotticisms also occur, and, we are sorry to add,

one or two instances of too low a mark for the pen of this author. As this however is a grave charge, we submit a proof, avoiding the most offensive one respecting Court B.—

"Julian was under the necessity of enduring all her tiresome and fantastic airs, and awaiting with patience till she had 'prinked herself and pinned herself'—flung her hoods back, and drawn them forward—snuffed at a little bottle of essences—closed her eyes like a dying fowl—turned them up like a duck in a thunder-storm; when at length," &c.

"Mount your fleet nag, Tom—ride like the devil—overtake the groom whom Lord Saville dispatched to London this morning—lame his horse—break his bones—fill him as drunk as the Baltic sea; or do whatever may best and most effectually stop his journey.—Why does the lout stand there without answering me? Does he understand me?"

But without dwelling on these specks, it is more agreeable to us to quote a few of those fine remarks which display the author's acuteness and philosophy in his views of life, and his intimate knowledge of the human heart. They are the touches which a superior mind alone can give, and a selection of them from the works of this author might be put into the hands of youth, as a manual to study, like Bacon's Aphorisms—

"There is something in melancholy feelings more natural to an imperfect and suffering state than in those of gaiety, and when they are brought into collision, the former seldom fail to triumph. If a funeral-train and wedding-procession were to meet unexpectedly, it will readily be allowed that the mirth of the last would be speedily merged in the gloom of the others."

"The good lady, in consideration, perhaps, of extensive latitude allowed to her in the more important concerns of the family, made a point of never interfering with her husband's whims or prejudices; and it is a compromise which we would heartily recommend to all managing matrons of our acquaintance; for it is surprising how much real power will be cheerfully resigned to the fair sex, for the pleasure of being allowed to ride one's hobby in peace and quiet."

"His prejudices were both deep and inveterate, as those of country gentlemen often become, who, having little to do or think of, are but too apt to spend their time in nursing and cherishing petty causes of wrath against their next neighbours."—[This ought to be framed with the Game Laws.]

"His countenance, too, although the features were of an ordinary, not to say mean cast, had that character of intelligence which education gives to the most homely face."

"When a man of talents shews himself an able and useful partizan, his party will continue to protect and accredit him, in spite of conduct the most contradictory to their own principles. Some facts are, in such cases, denied—some are gloried over—and party-zeal is permitted to cover at least as many defects as ever doth charity."

"The dark and dismal arch under which he soon found himself, opened upon a large court-yard, where a number of debtors were employed in playing at hand-ball, pitch-and-toss, hustle-cap, and other games; for which relaxations the rigour of their creditors afforded them full leisure, while it debarr'd them the means of pursuing the honest labour by which they might have redeemed their affairs; and maintained their starving and beggared families."—[This we

would also frame, in the Insolvent Debtors' Court; or quote to meet the petitions against that merciful practice.]

"The look of no man is so inauspicious as of a fat man, upon whose features ill-nature has marked a habitual stamp. He seems to have reversed the old proverb, and to have thriven under the influence of the worst affections of the mind. Passionate we can allow a jolly mortal to be; but it seems unnatural to his goodly case to be sulky and brutal."

"There was nothing in the Duke's manner towards Christian which could have conveyed to that latter personage, experienced as he was in the worst possible ways of the world, that Buckingham would, at that particular moment, rather have seen the devil than himself; unless it was that Buckingham's reception of him, being rather extraordinarily courteous towards so old an acquaintance, might have excited some degree of suspicion."

"The hackneyed voluptuary is like the jaded epicure, the mere listlessness of whose appetite becomes at length a sufficient penalty for having made it the principal object of his enjoyment and cultivation. Yet novelty has always some charms, and uncertainty has more."

"The English nation differ from all others, indeed even from those of the sister kingdoms, in being very easily sated with punishment, even when they suppose it most merited. Other nations are like the tamed tiger, which, when once its native appetite for slaughter is indulged in one instance, rushes on in promiscuous rage. But the English public have always rather resembled what is told of the sleuth-dog, which, eager, fierce, and clamorous in pursuit of his prey, desists from it so soon as blood is sprinkled upon his path."

"A man of sense or reflection, by trying to give his plot an appearance of more probability, would most likely have failed, as wise men often do in addressing the multitude, from not daring to calculate upon the prodigious extent of their credulity, especially where the figments presented to them involve the fearful and the terrible."

How much of mind do these brief sentences display! It is this quality which may probably reader a second reading of Peveril (as it does most of its precursors) more delightful (certainly more instructive) than even the first with all its novelty.

MISS HAWKINS' ANECDOTES.

[First Vol. Third and concluding Notice.]

From this entertaining miscellany we have little else to do than to continue extracts to diversify our own pages, leaving it to the judgment of readers to adopt or pause upon the relations.

The following are quite miscellaneous:

"I shall defer too long the conclusion of one volume of this work, if I enter here on the store of anecdotes I have from Mr. Langton; but there is one of him which I cannot defer, it speaks so much in favour of his temper and his wit. He had (and here I cannot excuse him,) made a dinner-party wait a considerable time. Garrick was one of the guests, and bore the delay with fretful impatience. On Mr. Langton's entrance, Garrick suffered his peevishness so far to get the better of him, as to vent his wit on Mr. L.'s uncommon height; and when Mr. L. came up to speak to him, he jumped upon a chair to listen to him. Mr. L. took it very coolly; but when Mr. Garrick descended,

he returned his joke by kneeling down on one knee to shake hands.

"But let it not be inferred from this, that Mr. G. was particularly pertinacious on his own want of height, as the following anecdote, and his telling it himself to my father, will, I think, prove. When Aaron Hill, who was capable of the grossest flattery, was shunning the pursuit of his creditors by concealment at Plaistow in Essex, Mr. Garrick was introduced to him by their common friend Mr. Draper, the bookseller. Hill received them with his wonted excess of civility; and when he addressed himself to Garrick, turned to Draper and said, 'How could you tell me that Mr. Garrick was under size?—you really deceived me by your misrepresentation.' Garrick could not swallow such gross adulation: he replied, 'Mr. Hill, I am too conscious of my own defect, to need being reminded of it.'

"Finding an opportunity of mentioning again the name of Garrick, I will employ it here to introduce two anecdotes just learnt from indisputable authority. Mr. Garrick had one evening quitted Mrs. G. in her box at Drury-lane theatre, saying, as he often did, 'I shall be back in a few minutes.' A prologue or epilogue was spoken. Mrs. G. was in full sight of the speaker, but thought him a stranger, till her little dog, who was with her, called her attention by showing signs of great joy, when and not till when she knew it to be Mr. Garrick who was speaking.

"The other anecdote I hope I shall not offend by making public: it is in all ways too good to be concealed. I was saying to a gentleman here, that I was convinced the chariot which Mrs. G. now used, was the same in which she used to visit at our house, when I was a child. He said I was nearly right, for that it was very lately that she had had a new one. A new one, indeed, had been in contemplation some time before; but at the same time, she had received letters from her relations abroad, stating that a young lady of the family was engaged to an officer in the Austrian service, and that the only obstacle to the union was his being unable to raise the large sum required by the Government, as a deposit on the marriage of an officer, and which, if a wife survives, is returned to her as a provision. Mrs. G. on this news, countermanded her carriage, saying, in her imperfect English, that 'the old one would do for her, and that she would have the young people made happy.'

Of a party given by Dr. Johnson, some idea (a strange one) may be formed, if we attach implicit credit to the author's recollections as recorded here:

"After tea, we juniors accompanied the younger of Sir Joshua's nieces, the then Misses Palmer, into his painting-room, where she stole, for the service of her aunt, all the colours she could scrape from his easel.

"Professor Martyn was at Rome at the time when Miss Knight was there, and was improving to the utmost the advantages of her situation. I have heard him speak of the delight one of her teachers took in instructing her, and the lively warmth with which he described her uncommon progress in whatever she undertook. She was one of the many of her sex who had to remember and record the brutal wit of Johnson. The ladies of the time when his notice was considered as an honour, made it too much a point of honour to obtain an introduction:—where

this honour was to be found, I confess I never could discover. For myself, I can truly say, that it was a severe punishment to me to share in any of my father's visits to him, and that I never heard him say, in any visit, six words that could compensate for the trouble of getting to his den, and the disgust of seeing such squalidness as I saw nowhere else.

"My mother I know used to brag that he had never been uncivil to her:—till unfortunately at our table, she asked him very gently if he would not take a little wine; and concluding by his not replying that he had not heard her, she repeated the words. He then thundered out, 'I drink no wine—why do you tease me?' Her boasting, alas! was then all over, and she remained, in rank and distinction, just on a level with the eighteen nymphs who were so incautious as to go in a body to wait on him. I can imagine the dozen and half of damsels all ready to prostrate themselves on the carpet, sooty and smoky as it was, and to cast at his feet, garlands of 'hearts' ease,' 'London pride,' 'maids in mists,' and 'forget me nots,' when he tumbled off the stairs into the dingy parlour, shoulder forward, as if aiming at the diagonal of the apartment, and mouthed or growled out, 'If I had known there had been so many of you, I would not have come.' To one—the spokes-woman, I presume, who had an oration ready, he saved the trouble of recital, by crying out, 'Fiddle-de-dee, my dear!'

"These met their fate, and in my mind a due fate;—but when Miss Knight, whose pretensions to regard were established by having worked on an idea he had thrown out and was too indolent to pursue, in writing Dinarbas; who had produced her elegant illustrative fiction, 'Marcus Flaminius,' and her really useful work, 'The Campagna of Rome;'—when she went to make him a farewell-visit on quitting England, to dismiss her by saying, 'Go, my dear, for you are too big for an island,'—it was nothing short of gross brutality, and worthy only of Magliabecchi. The matter is indeed set even by his having decreed the palm of excellence in female authorship, to his favourite Charlotte Lennox: whom I remember waiting at Hicks's hall, till a trial came on before my father and the other justices;—a trial in which it must be confessed she had some concern; for it was an indictment preferred by her maid against her, for beating her! It came out that a battle had taken place between 'the Female Quixotte,' and her solitary domestic. How the legal question was decided, I have, I regret to say, forgotten:—it gave me an opportunity of seeing the illustrious lady, and at a safe distance. Before this unlooked-for opportunity occurred, she had been familiar to our minds by my father's telling of her going in similar wrath to Mr. John Payne, Johnson's and her publisher, to complain of some want of respect to her amorous story of 'Harriot Stuart.' Payne was from home, and the person from whom she learnt this fact, being his aged mother, Charlotte, in that same genuine spirit which afterwards ripened into the *παδοκτηπια* or 'maid-fighting,' assailed the old lady with the eloquence which was intended for the son. The old crone, unused to the language of a lady who wrote books and translated 'les enfans perdus,' of an army, by 'the lost children,' as perhaps the old woman herself if she had got so far in learning might have done—cried out for quarter in the moving plea that she

'knew nothing, and was a plain old woman.' Charlotte, who might have urged the latter plea very fairly when I saw her, though she had waived every title of it at a time when her right would not have been disputed, indignantly turned away, repeating, 'Plain enough! God knows!' Yet this lady was the lady 'Johnson would pit' against any whom he had subsequently known."

Near the beginning of the Volume we have Paul Whitehead, described as sadly annoyed by an almost idiotic wife, whom he married for her wealth; and having his sense of religion vouched for on the following slight grounds, (however just, as a proof of his taste in architecture)—

"When I go," said he, 'into St. Paul's, I admire it as a very fine, grand, beautiful building; and when I have contemplated its beauty, I come out; but if I go into Westminster Abbey, — me, I'm all devotion.'"

The portrait of Horace Walpole, before 1772, is a striking one:—"His figure was not merely tall, but more properly long and slender to excess; his complexion, and particularly his hands, of a most unhealthy paleness. His eyes were remarkably bright and penetrating, very dark and lively:—his voice was not strong, but his tones were extremely pleasant, and if I may so say, highly gentlemanly. I do not remember his common gait; he always entered a room in that style of affected delicacy, which fashion had then made almost natural; *chapeau bras* between his hands as if he wished to compress it, or under his arm—knees bent, and feet on tip-toe, as if afraid of a wet floor.

"His dress in visiting was most usual, in summer when I most saw him, a lavender suit, the waistcoat embroidered with a little silver, or of white silk worked in the tambour, partridge silk stockings, and gold buckles, ruffles and frill generally lace. I remember when a child, thinking him very much under-dressed, if at any time except in mourning, he wore hemmed cambric. In summer no powder, but his wig combed straight, and showing his very smooth pale forehead, and queued behind:—in winter, powder."

Miss Hawkins is very wroth with the biographer of Dr. Johnson; and her account of Stanley, the blind composer, is hardly more favourable to the memory of that gentleman. His powers were most wonderful:

"Mr. Stanley had great arithmetical quickness, and a mind capable of great tension, increased no doubt by that privation which is so often atoned for by a superabundance in other gifts. He, soon after his settlement as a domestic man, showed himself an excellent whist-player, when informed only of the principles of the game; but, the impossibility of knowing what were the cards he himself held, was an obstacle which his sister-in-law obviated, by marking a pack in a way not perceptible to others, and which nothing less than the acuteness of feeling he possessed, could have rendered useful to himself. Great curiosity was excited to see these cards; and to possess a pack was considered as a distinction in the world of miscellaneous collectors. I have seen many, and therefore can explain what I remember to have seen treated like necromancy. How the court-cards were marked I really forget, but the others were simply pricked with a very fine needle, and only with the number

of what are called the pips;—but the specific difference consisted in the locality of these marks, and that had been settled by Mr. Stanley himself, that is to say, that hearts should be marked in one corner, diamonds in another, and so on; there still remained the necessity of placing the cards properly, by sorting them and turning them all the right way; a card the wrong end upwards, would have thrown him out; but one of the ladies was always at hand; and it then required only that each person should name the card they played, and the game went on as quickly as if he could have seen.

"That he was able to accompany a singer as he did, and above all to conduct the oratorios, is astonishing, and far beyond, I suppose, all possibility of explanation. I can only tell that Miss Arlond played the oratorio throughout. I think she said once sufficed, and he needed no farther help. That he rode on horseback, his servant following; that he knew every sign in Cheapside, when every shop had a sign; that he could distinguish colours, ascertain the size of a room; that he was his own butler, and in being led to a house by a servant could tell his man that the house to which he was going was the next, are all vulgar instances, in comparison of his musical facility, and his power of building his harmonies on the slight basis which his sister-in-law could prepare for him."

Of Mr. Bartleman we have also some interesting details; but we are warned by our paper that the Review of Miss Hawkins must be brought to a close. We cannot, however, exclude the following statement respecting Sir Joshua Reynolds's pigments, of whom it is very harshly said, "The censure justly due to any man who, being paid an enormous price for work, does it with materials which will not last their due time, certainly attaches strongly to him. . . . That he was sensible of this defect I can prove, from his having said to my father at one time, that he had now discovered the seat of his error;—that it consisted in the excessive use of carmine, which he had flattered himself he could 'shut in with varnish.' He said he had too hastily taken up a supposition, that painters in general were too sparing in the use of carmine on account of its cost; and considering the great prices he received for portraits, he looked on it as unhandsome to grudge it: he was now convinced that nothing would make it stand, and therefore had disused it, as would be proved by the durability of his colours in future."

"But his colours were not more durable; and how he could so deceive himself, I cannot imagine. His flesh-tints, if they resemble those of any of the old masters, approach the nearest to those of Rubens, whom he always admired, and more particularly after he had visited Flanders."

We now take leave of a Volume which has furnished us with much amusement. On the accuracy of the writer's memory we are not disposed always to rely implicitly: a long vista of years is apt to alter the colour of facts as well as of pictures. Nor is her judgment infallible; for while she depreciates Johnson, she speaks of the "gigantic excellence of Thomas Warton." But with all its imperfections on its head, this is a charmingly gossiping book; and we shall look for its continuation as for an anticipated pleasure.

Trattato della malattia degli occhi, &c. A Treatise on the Diseases of Birds, and on the proper means of cure, &c. By Doctor Luigi Rossi. Milan 1822. 8vo. with two plates.

THIS is a curious foreign work on the disorders to which fowls, &c. are liable: we had no idea of the extent of their afflictions. The author first treats on the general diseases of birds, and then on some of their particular disorders, such as epilepsy, asthma, diarrhoea, gout, &c. He proceeds to describe the medicines and the surgical instruments necessary for the cure of those disorders. There is an appendix on the division of birds into families, on their character, their food, their longevity, their migrations, and on various advantages which may be derived from them.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MADAME DACIER AND POPE.

"Un ouvrage que l'Angleterre a approuvé après l'impression ne sauroit être mauvais."

Madame Dacier—Reflexions sur la première partie de la Préface de Mr. Pope.

MR. EDITOR,—This fair and honourable concession from a Lady who, according to her own statement, did not know a word of English, and who had, it is allowed, some cause to be displeased with several attacks of severe criticism which Pope had the boldness to level at her translation of Homer, and for which he had afterwards the gentleman-like delicacy to apologize, to the entire satisfaction of both parties, is perhaps one of the finest encomiums that, among thousands, has ever been passed upon our Poet and the good taste of this country. Indeed the first appearance of Pope's translation of Homer was hailed every where as the rising of a new constellation on the highest summit of the English Parnassus. The French, although they were proud to possess Madame Dacier's traduction, translated Pope's Homer into poetical prose. I have seen and read it; and their reason for so doing, I must attach to a liberal supposition, that the English gentleman had better understood the Mæonian Bard than the French lady herself had done. However, as soon as Pope's Herculean labour was brought to light, a dark, a numberless, and envious rabble of critics crawled out of their Grub-street-fusty garrets, and attacked it in all ways and manners imaginable. It was strongly suspected that "the Author was far from being guilty of too deep a knowledge of the Greek language;" and afterwards roundly asserted that "he never understood his great original but through the medium of Madame Dacier's performance;" and indeed that he had, *sans plus de cérémonie*, mostly converted the French elegant prose into harmonious English verse.

A staunch and sincere admirer of the eminent talents evinced in this work, the best in its kind*, I long resisted this very common supposition, and doubted the fact; but having lately had occasion to consult the interpretation of the learned Lady, and read one or two of the books of the *Iliad* as it suited my purpose, I began to suspect that, in many circumstances, Pope had found it more comfortable to avail himself of Madame Dacier's translation, than to dive boldly into endless difficulties, which would have re-

* Without excepting Dryden's Virgil, which, with all its undeniable merit, is not, in my humble opinion, comparable to Pope's Homer.

tarded his progress had he recurred exclusively to the original source—*Ignoscenda quidem, si sicut ignoscere*. The following instances, promiscuously selected, will, I am sure, justify my opinion on the subject. They are, as the reader will easily perceive, taken mostly from the ornamental parts of the immortal Poem, as comparisons, descriptions, &c.—passages which naturally yielded to the translator a greater liberty to indulge, in what he may have supposed to be, a compensation for want of real, and literal interpretation.—*His premisis*, I take the field and proceed.—For instance—

—*Iliad*—Book XIII. 130—where the Greek poet describes most forcibly the resistance of the Argive battalions against the Trojans who had passed the entrenchments and the wall, he says, in the words of Madame Dacier, "les rangs sont si serrés que les piques soutiennent les piques, les casques joignent les casques, les boucliers appuient les boucliers; et que les brillantes aigrettes flottent les unes sur les autres, comme les cimes touffues des arbres d'une forêt, quand agitées du vent, elles se mêlent et se confondent." Now this comparison, however beautiful, is not in Homer, who merely says: "Spears with spears, bucklers with bucklers meet; helmet to helmet, man to man; these helmets crested with horses' tails waved and touched each other; so close the soldiers stood." Now for Pope:

Spears lean on spears, on targets, targets throng;
Helmets stuck to helmets, and man drove man along.
The floating plumes unnumbered wave above
As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove.

It is clear that the English poet wanted a rhyme to "above," and that he availed himself of the idea of the French lady to complete his couplet. We may also observe that horses' tails, (not "aigrettes" or "plumes,") are the only ornaments which Homer mentions—*ἵπποκομος κρόνυες*—and that the word *νευροτονον νυλάντιον*, waving, may have suggested to the lady the picturesque idea of a forest rocked in the storm.

In the same book, 198—Homer compares the two Ajaxes carrying away the body of Imbrus, to two lions who have snatched a goat (*αἴγρην, capellam*) from the dogs. Madame Dacier chooses to call it "une biche," a hind. Pope uses the word "fawn," to rhyme with "lawn," which transmutation he would not have adopted had he not followed Dacier, who thought the word "biche" might less offend the superciliousness of the French Epic muse even in prose, than the low and merely pastoral name of "chevre," a goat.*

In the same book, 237. Idomeneus—"like a lightning which the son of Saturn hurls from the splendid Olympus as a signal to men, its beams are conspicuous." This is the most literal translation.

Dacier. Idoménée—"marche semblable à un éclair que Jupiter a lancé du haut de

* Madame Dacier had no idea of a translation in verse of any poem in another language. She says: "Oui, je ne crains point de le dire, et je pourrais le prouver, les Poètes traduits en vers cessent d'être poètes." She adds, "Quand on me fera voir une bonne traduction d'Homère, je la verrai avec un très grand plaisir, et je serai la première à applaudir à cette merveille. Mais je doute qu'un poète qui aura bien lu l'original et bien senti toute sa beauté et sa force, ose la hasarder." She had not read Dryden's Virgil nor Pope's Homer; and the admirable translation of the *Georgics* by Delille (his *Æneid* and *Paradise Lost* are not worth notice) was published more than half a century after her death.

l'Olympe pour donner un signal aux mortels, et qui, divisant les cieux, trace en même tems un sillon de lumière et de feu de l'un à l'autre pôle. Pope—

"Like lightning, bursting from the arm of Jove,
Which to pale man the wrath of heaven declares,
Or terrifies th' offending world with wars;
In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies,
From pole to pole the train of glory flies."

This is certainly beautiful, and equal, if not superior, to the Greek original; but Madame Dacier is seen through the veil. Homer mentions no "pole."

Book XIII. 334. Homer, *verbatim*: "As when tempests excited by high-sounding winds proceed along, what time the roads are covered with dust; and all at once raise a dark cloud of that dust." This is short, simple, and expressive of the object intended to be represented. Madame Dacier, who fairly confesses in a note that she has enlarged the comparison, [indeed she has, and most freely] expresses herself in the following terms: "Comme quand de violentes tempêtes excitées par des vents contraires, s'élèvent pendant la plus grande sécheresse de l'été, on leur voit rassembler de tous côtés des tourbillons de poudre (poussière) et en former un nuage épais; de même l'espérance, la crainte, la rage et le désespoir, avoient rassemblée dans un seul espace tous ces fiers combattans acharnés les uns contre les autres." The words printed in italics are not in the original, but are found in Pope's translation.

As warring winds in Sirius' sultry reign,
From different quarters sweep the sandy plain;
On ev'ry side the dusty whirlwinds rise,
And the dry fields are lifted to the skies;
Thus by despair, hope, rage, together driv'n,
Meet the black hosts, and meeting darken heav'n.

Can there be a more striking and convincing proof that the Lady's version, not the Greek text, was the exemplar to which our poet looked up when translating this passage?

Again: v. 394. Homer speaks of the spear of Helenus rebounding from the breastplate of Menelaus, and compares it to "peas and beans thrown off and falling back upon the winnow of the threshers." Dacier, yielding to the delicacy of the French tongue as used in poetry, substitutes for "beans and peas," the word "grain" corn, which do not convey the same meaning, as being much lighter: and, after her, Pope says, "Lightleaps the golden grain." I must confess that "grain" in both languages is more elegant, more poetical according to usage; but, had not our poet followed very closely the steps of the learned dame, his genius might have attempted with success to dignify the humble *pule* in order to keep nearer to the meaning of the original.

Book XVI. 824. After having related the conflict between Hector and Patroclus, in which the latter falls, Homer compares the two heroes to a lion and a wild boar, "who have been fighting for the scanty water of a small spring on the summit of a mountain—for both wanted to drink. By his superior strength "the lion lays low the panting boar." The father of poetry tells the whole in four hexameter verses, and yet makes as large a picture of the savage strife as Rubens or Snyders would have found work enough to

+ This wonderful power of lifting up dry fields to the skies is neither countenanced by Homer, Dacier, or any other translator; but this and other inaccuracies are mere insignificant spots upon the effulgent disk of the meridian sun.

do. It is a most mighty subject for a North-cote, a Ward, or a Landseer of our days,—let them try. The Lady says: "Tel qu'un lion qui après avoir traversé des montagnes brûlées par l'ardeur du Soleil, sans trouver le secours d'une eau salutaire—[Homer says no such thing] rencontre tout à coup près d'une source, un furieux sanglier qui, la gueule béante, et encore teinte du sang des bêtes qu'il a dévorées, cherche aussi à étancher sa soif. La source est trop petite pour les désalterer tous deux—Ils se chargent avec une égale furie, et enfin le lion, après divers assauts, terrasse son ennemi." This is not a translation but a paraphrase. This picture is over done; we see too much of it to be surprised, interested or pleased. Let us hear Pope:

So, scorch'd with heat, along the desert shore,
The roaring lion meets a bristly boar—
Roaring and bristly make this line of Pope rather tame, if not flat. We proceed: *non ego paucis offendor maculis.*

Fast by the spring. (What spring?)
— They both dispute the flood,
With flaming eyes and jaws besmear'd with blood,
At length the sovereign savage wins the strife,
And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life.
Without animadverting upon the hill transformed into a desert shore, and the small spring into a flood, I must observe that "jaws besmear'd with blood" does not belong to Homer, but to Dacier. The pretty conclusion, "resigns his thirst and life," is not to be found, as the classical reader may guess, in Homer, nor even in Dacier.

In the same book, v. 412. The Greek has *Εὐρύαλος*, the Latin translation *Euryalus* (Cantab. 1679) Dacier translates *Euryalus*, and so does Pope. If the Greek text is right, why should Pope have preferred Madame Dacier's reading? but I confess that *Euryalus* might have been the Homeric word.

Book XVII. 4. *Sicut aliqua circo vitulum mater primigenia, querula, non ante experta partum.* In Homer, one hexameter and a half, only eleven words. "Comme une génisse," says Madame Dacier, "qui ne vient que d'être mère tourne autour de son premier né, avec des meuglements et des plaintes qui témoignent ses alarmes et son affection, sans jamais l'abandonner, et toujours prête à le défendre." This is again a paraphrase, not a strict translation. Pope is not quite so diffuse, but he has evidently borrowed from the adscititious ornaments of the female interpreter.

Thus round her new-fall'n young the heifer moves,
Fruit of her throes and first-born of her loves,
And anxious (helpless as he lies and bare)
Turns and returns her with a mother's care.

This is not one of the happiest passages in the English translation. The poet seems to have laboured under some great difficulty. I do not wonder at it; the comparison is not fit for any epic style, Latin, French, nor English; but is elegant in Homer, who does not even use the name of "Génisse, vache," heifer, or cow, but merely says *μητρὴν* the mother, although in another place, he compares one of his heroes, Ajax, to an ass.

Book XVII. 133. *Sicut aliquis leo, circa catulos suos, cui quidem catulos ducenti, occurrerint in silva*

† The word *mother*, "mère" or "vache" could not find a place in the poetical prose of Dacier. She had the good taste to substitute "génisse" a heifer, for it, although both "génisse" and "heifer" mean a female of the bovine kind, that had never had calves. Pope follows the French translator, but both are justified by the Greek expression, *non ante experta partum.*

virī venatores—hic autem ferociter intus, totumque supercilium deorum trahit, oculos tegens.—Translation of the Camb. Ed. 1679, above mentioned. "Il se tient comme un lion, qui en portant (conduisant) ses lionceaux, rencontre dans la forêt une troupe de chasseurs, demeure ferme, ramasse toutes ses forces, et proportionnant son courage à l'amour qu'il a pour ses petits, il ecume de rage et ferme les yeux au péril."—Dacier.

The terrible frown of the lion is left out by the lady. Pope—

Thus in the center of some gloomy wood,
With many a step the lioness surrounds
Her tawny young, beset by men and hounds,
Elate her heart, and rousing all her power,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eyebrow lowers.

Dacier's translation is rather loose, as may be seen by the passages printed in italics; but had not Pope peeped into it, he might not have conceived and written the beautiful line:

"Elate in heart, and rousing all her power."
Why the lion should have been turned into a lioness by the English translator, I see no strong reason. In Homer, it is the terrific father of the tawny whelps who leads them through a forest—it is he who faces the hunters, and draws his eyebrows down, and covers the fiery flashes of his eyes. The construction of the lion's eye, partaking of a peculiarity belonging to the feline race, seems to have been known to the venerable father of poetry.

Book XVII. 538. Homer: *Profecto paululum saltem, propter Menetiadem mortuum, cor dolore levari, deteriorum licet interfecerim:* "At least, however, have I lessened the grief of my heart for the death of Patroclus, although the one I have slain was not to be compared to him." Madame Dacier says: "Quoique ce guerrier fut bien inférieur à Patrocle, je ne laisse pas de concevoir quelque consolation de l'avoir immolé aux mânes de ce héros."

Pope—
"Accept, Patroclus, this mean sacrifice—
Thus have I sooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, some off'ring to thy shade."

The manes or shade are not mentioned in the Greek. Madame Dacier used "manes de ce héros" to wind up her phrase; and Pope avails himself of shade to make a rhyme.

Book XVIII. v. 20, et seq. When Antilochus brings to Achilles the sad tidings of the death of Patroclus, Madame Dacier says that the frantic and desponding son of Thetis threw over his head and body handfulls of burning ashes, so that the purple of his vest is defiled by them. "La pourpre de ses habits en est couverte."—Pope follows—

— he spread
The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head,
His purple garments, and his golden hairs.

Homer does not mention the colour of the hero's garments, therefore the English translator has it from the French interpreter. Besides, "cendre encore brûlante" in Dacier's, and "scorching ashes" in Pope's, are not right. Homer says, *Αἰθαλόεσσαν*, "cendres brûlées" *pulverem atram*, as it is translated in many Latin versions of the Iliad. "Golden hairs" is Pope's own, and so is the following curious couplet:

On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw
And roll'd it and grov'ell'd, as to earth he grew.

We had before "cast on the ground," but this is trifling when compared to the superior merit of Pope's translation, which, considered in the whole, is, as I have asserted, the best of the kind. N. B. Πορφυρεῖς might be found

instead of Νεκταρεῖς in some editions which the lady may have consulted, but it is not probable. However, as the beverage of the gods was nectar, Dacier may have supposed that it bore some resemblance in colour at least to the beverage of men—"the purple juice of the grape." I find in Book XIX. v. 38. *νέκταρ ἰσθόδον*—the purple or red nectar.

Book XVIII. v. 56. Thetis says to her sister Nereids, speaking of Achilles, "he grew like a plant," *ἔφην ἴσος—εὗρεν πλάντην σίμιλον.* The French lady, in her lively fancy, made this plant an olive tree—"il est crû (il crût) comme un olivier," &c. Then comes Pope, close on the flowing train of his beloved Madame Dacier, and says, as a faithful echo, "Like some fair olive, by my careful hand He grew, &c."

This is to the purpose. But must I go on, Mr. Editor, loading you and your compositors, and your columns, and your readers, with more proofs than necessary, to confirm what I have asserted? One or two more instances, and I have done.

Book XVIII. v. 315. Homer says: "Sed Achivi tota nocte circa Patroclum aspirabant luges." Dacier adds: "Et tout retentir le rivage de leurs cris et de leurs gémissements." This is not in Homer. Soon follows a comparison about a lion who has lost his whelps; and then, still close upon the steps of the French translator, and gathering up carefully the flowers which drop from her lap, Pope claps this addition of Dacier to the simile, and says, speaking of the lion: "[sounds]." "His clamorous grief the bellowing wood re-

These coincidences happen about ten lines from each other.

In the same Book, v. 380. Vulcan has not yet fastened to the tripods the handles which Homer describes as "curiously wrought," *δαδάεα*. Dacier says: "Les anses qui étoient travaillées avec une merveilleuse variété de couleurs et de figures." This interpretation, fanciful as it is, Pope weaves into these beautiful lines:

For their fair handles now, o'er wrought with flowers
In moulds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours.

In the same Book, v. 469. Homer says, that "Twenty bellows blew at once, and spontaneously into the furnaces." Dacier translates it "twenty furnaces," *vingt fourneaux.* Pope says:

And twenty forges catch at once the fire.
If any doubt was ever entertained of the meaning of Homer, the very text ought to have settled it. Vide the Greek original, in which, according to the Hellenistical idiom, *viginti omnes* must apply to *folles* and not to *fornacibus*.

Book IV. v. 452. *Sicut quando fluvii de montibus fluentes in convallem conferunt impetuosam aquam—canalibus ex magnis concavum intra alveum; horum autem procul fragorem in montibus audit pastor.** Dacier: "Tels que d'impétueux torrens, grossis par les pluies de l'hiver," &c. not in Homer, but alluded to in Pope:

"As torrents roll increased by numerous rills."
In the same Book, v. 422. Dacier: "On les voit venir (les flots) les uns sur les autres." Not in Homer, but in this remarkable line of Pope:

The wave behind rolls on the wave before,

* This beautiful simile has been almost literally translated in the following hexameters: *Hauid secus ac rapidi, celsis de montibus, amnes Desuper immensos, magno cum murmure, fluctus Precipitant, conduuntque simul sub valle profunda; At Pastor de colle sonos perterritus audit. Z.*

which is certainly not one of his best, as it expresses, in sounding harmony, the most common truism imaginable; and one might be allowed jocosely to say—

But when a change does happen in the wind,
The wave before rolls on the wave behind.

Hitherto, Mr. Editor, I have given instances by which it appears that Pope closely followed the steps of Dacier; now I must show that he had not always availed himself of her help, for if he had, he never could have been guilty of the mistake he committed in translating the following passage.

Book XVIII. v. 371. *λινὸν δ' ὅτ' ἡλὸν δεῖδε
λεσπιδὲρ πορρ—*

"The string (of the lyre which the boy was playing to the vintagers) sweetly answered with a tender sound—*chorda autem belle resonabat tenellâ voce.*" Dacier says: "Un jeune garçon marie les doux accens de sa voix avec le son harmonieux de sa guitare." Pope says—

To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
Whose tender lay the fate of Linnæ sings.

I am aware that the scholiast of Homer, quoted by Madame Dacier, mentions an old song on the sad fate of Linnæ; but the learned lady did not adopt this interpretation; the Greek text appeared to her too clear to be altered in her version. The Latin translator (1679) *chorda autem, &c.* did not miss the effect of the adverb *ὅτ'*, *subter*, as if the sounds of the chords were subservient to that of the boy's voice.

Book XIV. v. 210. Venus, before she grants the request of Juno, (who has just told the greatest falsehood) and delivers to her the all-winning Zone, the irresistible *Cestus*, answers her in a most polite and courtly style: *Non licet, neque decet quod petis denegare—Jovis enim optima in unis cubas;* which Dacier translates, more elegantly than correctly, in these words: "Il n'y auroit ni justice ni bienséance à ne pas vous accorder votre demande; Eh! que peut-on refuser à une déesse dans (sur) le sein de laquelle le maître du tonnerre daigne se reposer?" The Greek says: "for you repose in the arms of the great Jupiter." Perhaps to give her sex a sort of superiority, the French lady turned it the other way. To avoid, I suppose, this sort of contradiction, Pope cut the Gordian knot, and left out altogether the answer of Venus. However, the chasm might be filled up by the following lines:

"How can the claim of Juno be denied?"

The lovely mistress of all charms replied,

"Tis just, 'tis fit to yield to your request,

Who softly slumbers on Jove's mighty breast."

She said.— Z.

Book XVIII. v. 601. Describing a dance in the last compartment of the shield of Achilles, Homer compares the whirling round of the performers to the rapidity of the *Potter's wheel* when he tries it for the first time. Dacier did not only translate, but did also elucidate the comparison in a note. Had Pope read the great original, or his female interpreter, he would not have discarded so apt, so beautiful a simile, and substituted for it the following comment:

So whirled a wheel, in giddy circle tost,

And, rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.*

The excellent image of the potter, sitting down, *ἰζόμενος κεραμεύς*, before his new wheel

* This is applicable to all sorts of wheels except the potter's, which has no spokes. It is a flat round table which he puts into circular motion by the alternate pressure of his feet.

yet unloaded with clay, and trying how fast, how freely it turns, is entirely lost in Pope; not on account of unworthiness, or lowness, for next to sculpture and architecture, the ceramic art was highly esteemed by the Greeks, but most likely because the translator, as I have just taken the liberty to say, did not always follow his original author.

Were I not persuaded that classical readers will not be displeased with the contents of this paper, I would offer an apology for its length, as sincerely and truly as I remain, Mr. Editor, Yours, &c. &c. Z.

COMMERCIAL ROUTE FROM ASTRACHAN OVER THE CASPIAN SEA TO CHIWA AND BUCHARIA. (Communicated from Astrachan by an eye-witness.)

THE merchants who go from this city to Chiwa and Bucharia, over the Caspian sea, anchor on the south-western coast, which is called by the Truchmenians Mangischlak, and by the Russian navigators on the Caspian Sea Mangischlaski Harbour. Here the goods are taken out of the vessels, which must pass between the islands Kulala and Ssujaioi and Cape Karagan; hither, too, the caravans come, to pass over to Astrachan.

Formerly the merchandise was sent upon camels over the mountains which bound the east and southern shores of the sea. This was executed by Truchmenians, who led a roving life in the neighbourhood of Mangischlak, and brought goods to the Chiwan town of Urgansh; they have now almost entirely ceased wandering, and Kirgese have taken their place. The caravans cross the mountains in about twenty days, and descend into the valley, where the chain divides into two branches. On the way there are wells dug in suitable places by the Kirgese, Truchmenians, and travellers. The route over the mountains is stony, and almost destitute of wood. Half way is a square building, which consists of a wall, about 200 fathoms in circumference and two fathoms high. There is a door in the wall, but within are neither buildings nor ruins. The Truchmenians call this building Olank, and say that it was erected in ancient times, by a people of whose name they are ignorant, and that the stones employed in it were fetched from the lake at the foot of the building, which is highly probable, as the shores of the lake are of the same kind of stone. The shore is very high and steep, and only a narrow path leads to the edge. The lake is very deep and never calm, but yields no fish; and it is remarkable, that the waters of the lake, and of many wells in the mountain, which from ancient times had been salt and bitter, have changed within these seventeen years into fresh water, fit for drinking.

Little more than a day's journey farther on, upon the left hand, there is another lake, which is exactly 300 fathoms in circumference. The bottom is marshy, and numerous springs of bitter water fall with a loud noise from the high and rocky banks. In the distance there is a mountain, from which, when the sky is clear, a square stone castle may be seen. It is not known what it contains: a tradition only says that it was built before the time of Mahomet, by a conqueror of several nations, named Iskandar or Sukarnaln; and that both he, and after him another conqueror, named Dshamschit, concealed in it immense treasures, which they took from the vanquished nations; and lastly, that Tamerlane intended to make use of the

castle, but for some reason or other did not execute his project. Was not this perhaps the origin of the singular name *Birakimlan*, i.e. *he is gone away—he is lost: or he goes away and does not return.*

In these mountains there are wild horses, buffaloes, foxes and hares. The first sometimes approach the caravans, and are smaller than horses in general. Coral grows in abundance on the bank of the Mangischlak.

On descending into the valley, you perceive, in an angle formed by the above-mentioned side branches, a lake, called Oi-Bogur, which arose about twenty years ago. It contains fresh water, is about 400 fathoms in circumference, very deep, and abounds in fish of the same kinds as those in the Caspian sea; hence the Truchmenians conjecture that it has a subterraneous connexion with that sea. But as the same kind of fish are found in Lake Aral, it may be supposed that they come from that lake with the river Amu, for that stream falls into the Aral from a bend; but during the inundation in spring it has a connexion with the Oi-Bogur, by an arm proceeding from the same bend, while another arm of this river runs in an opposite direction, i.e. south-west, and annually approaches the Caspian Sea.

The sudden appearance of this lake must be ascribed to an earthquake. In many places in the interior of the mountains are caverns, which send forth a hollow sound when one strikes with a heavy weapon on the surface; and one of these caverns, which is very deep and dark, is said to have first been made known by a caravan sinking into it. On the bank of Mangischlak is a mountain called Abischtscha, which constantly emits a sulphurous vapour from its crater; black stones lie scattered all around.

In general all the mountains of this country are involved in fogs; and though the sun frequently illumines them, it is but for a short time together. Showers of rain are frequent.

From the mountains to Urgansh the road is level; trees of various kinds grow beside it, especially one called Isakssaul. This tree is about three fathoms high, has wide spreading branches, and is so hard that it is difficult to fell it with an axe. The wood is brittle, and sinks in the water. There are different kinds of wild animals, and even lions, in the forests.

The roving Truchmenians inhabit the eastern side of the Caspian Sea. Their neighbours are the Chiwans, with whom they live on good terms; some of the Truchmenians are even in the service of the Chan of Chiwa. The Truchmenians are a plundering and a perfidious people, live by breeding cattle, and partly by agriculture, but are not fond of commerce. It must be observed, however, that they carry on a pretty considerable slave-trade with Chiwa, for which purpose they make prisoners of Persians and of the fishermen on the Emba,* which is, even at this period, infested by them. The Bucharian caravans going to Mangischlak are often plundered by Truchmenians assisted by the Chiwans. It is on this account that the Bucharian merchants have for some time past ceased to take this road, and go partly by the way to Orenburg, and partly to the custom-house of Ssorotschikow.

* Emba, Em, a considerable river which forms the boundary of the government of Orenburg, and the Kirgese Desert (or Steppe.) The Kirgese call it Dschem t. e. Berry river, from the great abundance of raspberries which grow on its banks.

The Kirgese, who, as I have above mentioned, now escort the caravans over the mountains instead of the Truchmenians, are likewise a rude and plundering people. Their principal means of support is breeding cattle; they also employ themselves in the chase, and in the manufacture of felt and camelot out of camels' hair.

The Truchmenians and Kirgese, except those who have become subject to Russia, live without any constituted government, though the former have princes and the latter chans; but they hardly pay them any obedience. The Kirgese stand in some awe of the Chiwans, and all profess the Mahometan religion. After the example of the Truchmenians, they greatly oppress the merchants, and exact duties upon goods. The Asiatics are in some degree exempted from this extortion, by their common religion and their friendly intercourse with these people.

These robbers have likewise begun of late to navigate the Caspian sea, and use for that purpose vessels which they have taken from the Russian fishermen, on the model of which they have built some of their own. They have fire-arms on board, and even attack large fishing vessels. Their fleet, however, consists only of five vessels.

The caravans employ five days in going from Lake Ol-Bogor to Urganish. Urganish is important as the rendezvous of the caravans going from Bucharia and Chiwa to Russia, Persia, and Turkey.

The Karakalpacks, a wandering people, live to the left of Chiwa, on the eastern side of Lake Aral; they are more peaceably disposed than the Kirgese and Truchmenians, and subsist by agriculture and breeding cattle. They were formerly governed by chans, whose commands, however, they did not much respect. In the sequel, part of them submitted to the government of Russia, and the others are tributary to the Chiwans.

The Chiwan caravans go from Urganish to Chiwa, their capital, a distance of 70 wersts. But the Bucharians go only to their first town, El-Dshik, whither the light bales are brought in three days by land; but the heavy bales are sent down the river Amu, along which they are conveyed, in seven or eight days, on ill-built rafts drawn by men, for they are unacquainted with the use of both sails and oars.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LATE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.
(Extracted from the *Letters of an Eye-witness*.)

Naples, 25 Oct. 1822.

TUESDAY afternoon, the 22d instant, we were surprised by a terrible eruption of Vesuvius, which has lasted three days and is not over. The lava has taken new directions; though in great abundance, it has not yet reached the sea, and it has burnt and covered only one village on the mountain, namely, Bosco tre Case.

This eruption has thrown out ashes in such enormous quantities that the streams of lava could scarcely be seen. The dreadful explosion of the mountain, which resembled the most violent thunder, and the flashes of lightning produced by the electricity (a scene which continued through the whole of the night) increased the terror of the people. We do not recollect to have seen so terrible an eruption. All the inhabitants of the towns of Portici, Resina, Torre del Greco, Torre

dell' Annunziata, &c. situated on the bottom of the mountain on the side of Naples, as well as all the inhabitants on the other side of the mountain, sought refuge in the city. The court has caused all the valuable effects of the palaces of Portici and Resina to be removed;—they have likewise ordered relief to be given to the poor who have left their homes. The whole day, yesterday, was passed in consternation: the mountain did not emit much fire, but a prodigious quantity of ashes; the shower ceased at Naples last night, but they still continue to be thrown up by the mountain. We have not seen the sun since the day before yesterday, the sky being still obscured by the ashes carried about by the wind. The theatre will be closed this evening. Yesterday the processions commenced in honour of St. Januarius. The ashes prevent all communication at the foot of the mountain, for in some places they are six feet deep; they might be compared to snow, if they did not cause such an intolerable dust. We hope soon to be freed from this scourge, for no one who is not a witness of the disaster can conceive the terror which it inspires.

Happily we have not had any earthquake; but our fears are not yet dispelled. I send with this letter some of the ashes which fell at Naples, and which I picked up in my own house.*

Naples, November 5, 1822.

The eruption of Vesuvius, of which I before wrote, has been one of the most striking and remarkable on record. It much resembled (but on a smaller scale) that of the year 79 of our era; and we have experienced a part of what is related by Pliny the younger.

On the evening of the date of my last Letter, the fury of the volcano appeared to be considerably increased; the torrents of lava burst forth in all directions. Towards eleven o'clock the appearance was terrible; an enormous column of black ashes rose from the crater, in the form of a cone, to an extraordinary height; the lightnings darted from the mouth of Vesuvius, traversing the immense cloud of ashes in all directions, and in infinite ramifications. Issuing thence, they struck the sides of the mountain or the surface of the sea. I cannot give you a better idea of the surprising effect, than by comparing it with a sparkling magic picture exhibited in electrical experiments. The cloud was really a gigantic work of this kind, being composed of volcanic sand floating in the air. Every thing passed in the same manner, except that this magic picture was several miles in extent. When there was a superfluity of electrical fluid, it discharged with a great noise; whereas the currents of electricity, which crossed it in every direction, did not occasion any sensible detonation. The consternation was general; the inhabitants of Torre del Greco, Annunziata, Bosco tre Case, and Ottajano, precipitately forsook their dwellings. Day-light came, but all the environs of Vesuvius were involved in darkness. The shower of ashes carried by the wind was scattered to a great distance. At Naples no one could go out without an umbrella to keep off the coarser ashes. The appearance of the city was most mournful, and the news we received from the

* These ashes are an almost impalpable powder of a bright violet colour; the dust is very hard, and when spread upon leather a penknife may be sharpened on it: we may suppose it to be of the nature of the pumice stone.

places threatened was very alarming. The furniture of the Royal Palaces of Portici and of the Favourite was removed with the utmost speed; and four or five thousand fugitives, who had fled to the city, increased the alarm. The processions marched through the streets; the churches were filled with supplicants, who implored all the Saints to put an end to this calamity.

At length the lava stopped in its progress. It has done but little mischief, having only covered ancient currents proceeding from various preceding eruptions; but the shower of volcanic substances and ashes has caused, and still occasions, incalculable damage. All the country is covered with them, and the communications are interrupted. In many places they have fallen to the depth of five or six feet, and Pompeii is, as it were, again buried as it was in the year 79.

I have collected several pounds of these ashes, which fell in my balcony. They were of a reddish brown in the beginning, then whitish. The first appear to me to be a powder of pumice-stones: it is excellent to deaden metals.

Several chymists have analysed it, and M. Pèpé has discovered in it the following ingredients: sulphate of potash, sulphate of soda, sub-sulphate of alumine, of chalk, and of magnesia; hydro-chlorate of potash, that of soda, a good deal of oxid of aluminium, calcium, silicium, and magnesium; much trioxid of iron, antimony, and a little gold and silver. The chymist, who has contented himself with announcing the existence of these different substances in the ashes of the eruption, promises to investigate and publish their respective proportions. Other substances which the mountain continues to throw out are very different from the preceding.

This eruption appears to me to favour the hypothesis, that the volcanic fire may be produced by the infiltration of the sea-water, in the masses of potassium, sodium, &c. which are not yet oxidated; and the production of electrical fluid in such great abundance may arise from the same source, since the effects of the voltaic pile (*auge*) are obtained by the oxidation of metals.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, Jan. 18.—On Tuesday last, the first day of Lent Term, the following Degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. J. Hall, St. Edmund Hall, grand compounder.

Masters of Arts.—R. Doughty, St. Alban Hall; Rev. J. Strickland, Merton College; C. J. Bishop, St. Mary Hall; Rev. J. Sankey, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. W. Harrison, Chaplain of Christ Church.

Bachelors of Arts.—Rev. F. Bryans, St. Edmund Hall, incorporated from Trinity College, Dublin; J. Armistead, Trinity College; Germain Lavie, Christ Church.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE British Gallery opens to the Public on Monday with an Exhibition of Modern Art, and one as much to the credit of the British School, as far as we can judge from a hurried glance, as any which has recently been seen. At present we have neither time nor room to expatiate; but we must notice a picture of the Coronation by Mr. Jones, a rich and admirable memorial of that gorgeous scene.

From some of our Artists who have been at Rome, there are striking proofs of the benefit derived from their studies in that classical capital: Mr. Davis has a grand work of a Maniac Father visited by his Family—a truly Italian composition of the highest rank; Mr. Brockedon a Vision of Nehemiah (we believe,) also a great production of the same class—other excellent Heads, &c. by the same painter, enrich the Collection. Mr. Eastlake has some very picturesque and clever scenes of Italian Banditti, &c. in which the heroine of one of these bands figures conspicuously.

Mr. Howard, the academician, has contributed fine specimens of his poetical taste and skill. Mr. Ward's transcendent Cattle-piece graces the upper room, and is itself an exhibition. Linton has one of the most splendid Landscape-pieces we have witnessed from a living hand; Chalons, clever French dramas; Jackson, a vigorous and superb head of Henry IV. (Macready); and Stewardson, some beautiful fancy portraits. Pickersgill, with an Infant God, sustains his high reputation. Mrs. Carpenter has some noble Heads; and, in short (we must end hurriedly,) there is a rare variety of rising genius and popular attraction.

LITHOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT OF THE KING.

This Print, by Aglio, and published by J. Boosey & Co. is, we think, the best specimen of lithographic portrait that has yet appeared in England. At first sight it struck us as if some other process had been adjoined in order to improve the style; but upon more close inspection, we are convinced that the whole is brought from the stone. His Majesty is represented in the robe, &c. of the Garter: the head is well placed, and the likeness excellent, though the general effect is rather Frenchified. A connoisseur, besides, is nothing unless he can discover a blemish; and we have to suggest one, by the amending of which, in our opinion, this work will be made deserving of increased popularity. The eyes appear to us to be too small; and from the want of a little *charging*, the left seems even less than the right. A few deeper lines will readily remove this objection, and then we would say that we have not seen any likeness of the King so well calculated for general acceptance over the kingdom, from the port-folio of the wealthy collector, to the chimney-piece of the lowly and loyal.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MEDALLION WAFERS.

[The hint for this series of Poems (to be continued occasionally) has been taken from the account of the Medallion Wafers in the *Literary Gazette*. These slight things preserve many of the most beautiful forms of antiquity; and they are here devoted to verse, on the supposition that they have been employed as seals to lovers' correspondence.]

INTRODUCTION.

I do so prize the slightest thing
Touched, looked, or breathed upon by thee,
That all or aught which can but bring
One single thought of thine to me,
Is precious as a pilgrim's gift
Upon the shrine he most loves left.
And if, like those charmed caves that weep,
Preserving tears of crystal dew,
My lute's flow has a power to keep
From perishing what it shrines too—
It only shall preserve the things
Bearing the bright print of Love's wings.

Here's many a youth with radiant brow
Darkened by raven curls like thine,
Beauty, whose smile burns even now,
And love-tales made by song divine:
And these have been the guardian powers
To words as sweet as summer flowers.

I'll tell thee now the history
Of these sweet shapes: they are so dear,
Each has been on a scroll from thee;
Thy kiss, thy sigh, are glowing here:
They'll be the spirit of each tone
I fain would wake from chords long gone.

Just glimpses of the fairest dreams
I've had when in a hot noon sleeping,
Or those diviner, wilder gleams
When I some starry watch was keeping;
And sometimes those bright waves of thought
Only from lips like thine, Love, caught.
Oh dear, these lights from the old world,
So redolent with love and song!
Those radiant gods, now downward hurled
From the bright thrones they held so long!
But they have power that cannot die
Over the heart's eternity.

CUPID RIDING A PEACOCK.

All the colours glistening
On the rainbow of the spring,
Mingled with the deeper hue
Of the grass green emerald too,
Are upon that bird, whose neck
Crimson wreaths of roses deck,—
Mounted by a Boy, whose lip
Is such as the bee would sip
For the first rosebud in May.
Love, upon a summer day,
Bade the Graces link a chain
Of sweet flowers, for a rein
Round the peacock's glorious wing.
Forth he rode; then, like the king
Of bright colours, smiles, and blooms,
Sunny darts and golden plumes.
Oh this is not that sweet love
Own companion to the dove;
But a wild and wandering thing,
Varying as the lights that fling
Radiance o'er his peacock's wing.
I do weep, that Love should be
Ever linked with Vanity.

ATALANTA, represented as a Huntress with her bow.

A Huntress with her silver bow,
And radiant curls upon the snow
Of a young brow, whose open look
Was fair and pure as the clear brook
On which the moonlight plays; 'tis she,
Companion of the forest tree,
Of Scyrus, she whose foot of wind
Left stag and arrow far behind,
Whose heart, like air or sunshine free,
Recked not to scorn what love might be.
"My soul is far too proud for love;
I would be like yon lark above,
With will and power to wing my way,
With none to watch and none to stay;
And Love's chain would be sad to me
As were a cage, free bird, to thee.
Ill would it suit a heart like mine
To live upon another's look;
Ill could I bear the doubts, the griefs,
The all that anxious love must brook.
Thou bright winged god! I mock thy chain,
Thy arrow points to me in vain."
But maiden vows are like the rose,
Bending with every breeze that blows;
Or like the sparkles on the stream,
Changing with every changing gleam;
Or like the colours on her cheek,
Or like the words her lips will speak,

Each firm resolve will melt away
Like ice before a sunny ray.
Soon that young Huntress of the grove
Bartered her liberty for love,
And sighed and smiled beneath the thrall
Of him whose rule is over all. L. E. L.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE HISTORY OF CLAUDINE MIGNOT, SURNAMED LA LHAUDA.*

[The hints for the following have been taken from M. Jouy's new volume of the *Hermite en Provence*.]

A SHEPHERDESS becoming a queen is a very pretty incident in a fairy-tale; but alas! for the common-places of reality, these delightful events are of rare occurrence. Such things, however, have happened, and as what has been may be again, the history of La Lhauda will be quite a romance of hope to any fair shepherdess who may like to indulge in dreams of exchanging her crook for a sceptre. Amid the many admirers of the rustic beauty, the most favoured was Janin, who though, like herself, by birth a peasant, was, from being secretary to M. d'Amberieux, considerably above her in present station and future expectation. Claudine had soon penetrated enough to perceive that what he sought in her was a mistress, not a wife. This was a mortifying discovery to one accustomed to consider her hand the highest pledge of happiness;—piqued vanity is a sure guard to woman's virtue; and day after day passed, and Janin found La Lhauda colder than ever. It was in vain he told her, Love without kisses was a garden without flowers; her reply constantly was, "I would imitate the moon, which receives the light of the sun, yet avoids him, though day and night his course is around her." When alone, she soliloquized bitterly on the hesitation of her lover: "Why does he not marry me? I am fifteen, nay, actually near sixteen;—must I wait till I am thirty? Sweeping my father's house, managing the household of others, my companions will be all wedded before me. Does Janin think I cannot get a husband?—he shall see he is mistaken." Janin's jealousy was soon raised; fear accomplished what love could not; and his offer of marriage was accepted coldly by Claudine, with pleasure by her father, discontent by her mother, who, to the great displeasure of her husband, has higher views for her daughter, and recurs to the prediction of a gipsy, that the child was born to be a queen. However, the marriage-day is named, when the Secretary thinks it necessary to introduce his intended bride to his master, who becomes deeply enamoured of the beautiful peasant. Janin, under pretence of pressing business, is sent out of the way, and M. d'Amberieux, in the presence of her mother, offers La Lhauda his hand, giving them the next day to reflect on his proposal. Thiévenaz scarcely waited for his departure to begin expatiating on her honours in perspective. "Ah, my dear Claudine, think of sitting in the old family pew; of how the curate will present the incense to you at high mass; to overbear as you pass, 'That is Madame d'Amberieux who is coming in—Madame d'Amberieux who is going out—Madame d'Amberieux—Room for Madame d'Amberieux—Respects to Madame d'Amberieux—"

* The unerring aim of the Peasants in the South of France with the Sling, is like that of David of old, and of equally fatal force.

riex—Long live Madame d'Amberlieux! And what an honour for me to say, Madame d'Amberlieux, my daughter!" She was here interrupted by Claudine's remarking on the age of her present lover; and while exerting all her eloquence to remove what seemed so trifling an objection, in comes Pierre, who, far from entering into her grand schemes, puts a decided negative on the marriage. "I will have no son-in-law," said La Lhauda's father, "at whose table I cannot take my seat without ceremony, and who will come and do the same at mine. I hate your fine people who eat up your wheat, without knowing the cost of its sowing or reaping; to whom you must always give the first place and the best bit; and who declare open war upon you, unless their rabbits are let quietly to eat up your best cabbages and lettuces. Accustomed to act the great lady, my child will soon forget all that was once her duty and happiness. Lhauda living, will yet be dead to us. The husband for her, to please me, will be a man who works for the bread he eats." M. d'Amberlieux was not to be discouraged by this refusal; making Thiévena and Claudine his confidantes, introduces himself disguised as a labouring man to Pierre, and under the name of Lucas becomes such a favorite as to be promised the hand of La Lhauda. The discovery is soon made, and by all married gentlemen the denouement may be easily anticipated—his wife and M. d'Amberlieux carry the day. The news soon got spread about; the marriage was wondered at, sneered at, cavilled at, disputed about, attacked, defended, till it came to the ears of Janin, who had from time to time been detained on various pretences at Lyons. The injured lover arrives at the village the very day of the wedding; music, the ringing of bells, sounds of rejoicing fill every place—one and all confirm the tale. The cottage of Pierre is deserted, and at the Castle he is repulsed as an impostor, assuming a name to which he has no title. There is no hatred like the hatred of love;—with his sling in his hand, the miserable Janin remains concealed in the gardens of the Chateau. At length his perfidious mistress, and her still more perfidious husband, pass by;—a stone is thrown, which glances against a tree; La Lhauda alone perceives the hand from which it came. If M. d'Amberlieux returned to the Castle infuriated against the unknown assassin, his bride was no less, though differently, agitated. The characters of first love can never be wholly effaced; like the name Sostratus graved on the Pharos, plaster might for a while conceal it, but still the original traces remained; and Claudine had really loved Janin. His letters had all been suppressed; accounts of his careless dissipation had been studiously conveyed to her. But here was a fearful proof—how wildly and how well she had been remembered! and with woman there is no crime equal to that of forgetting her; no virtue like that of fidelity. Janin continued wandering about till night; the sound of music had gradually died away; one light after another was extinguished, till the Castle became dark as the starless heaven that surrounded it. He was standing on the brink of a precipice over which a foaming torrent rushed; it was close by the Castle. Should he throw himself from it, his body would the next morning float on the stream before the window of the bride. Discharging a pistol he carried into the midst of the accumulated snows above, he threw

himself into the abyss of waters. A terrible avalanche instantly followed; the noise awoke all in the Castle, but to Claudine the report of the pistol was the most deadly sound of all. It soon fell out as Pierre had foreseen—he was sent to his vineyard, and his wife to her household; and La Lhauda's visits to her parents were seldom and secret. She was soon released from every constraint by the death of M. d'Amberlieux, who left her all he possessed. Her first use of riches was to secure independence to her parents, and to erect a modest monument to the memory of Janin. It was of white marble, representing a veiled female throwing flowers into an empty urn. Her low birth furnished a pretext to the relations of M. d'Amberlieux for disputing her marriage and her rights to the succession. A journey to Paris became necessary;—young and beautiful, Madame d'Amberlieux was soon in no want of powerful protectors. The Marshal de L'Hopital, seventy-five years of age, was one of the most active. His influence was amply sufficient to turn the scale of justice in her favour; but he deemed it necessary to have a right to interfere. He well knew the malice and wicked wit of those about the court; people might suspect he had his reasons—a connexion might be supposed, and he should be in despair at hazarding the reputation of one as prudent as she was fair. These one-word-for-my-neighbour and two-for-myself kind of fears would have only appeared ridiculous to Madame d'Amberlieux, had not the rank of the Marshal backed his scruples. Again interest took the place of love in leading her to the altar. L'Hopital soon followed in the steps of his predecessor, and in the course of a few months La Lhauda was again a youthful and lovely widow. The exultation of her mother was now beyond all bounds: "My daughter Mad^e la Marechale de L'Hopital" was the beginning and ending of almost every sentence; and morning, noon, and night, the gipsy's prophecy was recurred to. But Pierre could not forget that the elevation of his daughter involved her separation from him. A prince, who had in turn been jesuit, cardinal, and king, John Casimir the second of Poland, having abdicated, was then residing in France at the Abbey Saint Germain-des Pres, which Louis the Fourteenth had given him. This Prince, no longer jesuit or king, but the gay and gallant man of the world, saw the lovely Marechale, and succeeded in winning her heart and losing his own. A fortunate but conscientious lover, he married his mistress privately. The secret was soon betrayed, and though publicly she had not the title of Queen, yet every one knew she was wife to the King of Poland. The tidings reached her native village—her mother died of joy, her father of grief; and John Casimir soon followed, leaving La Lhauda with one daughter, whom his family always refused to acknowledge. Such was the end of three marriages contracted and dissolved in the short space of fifteen years. La Lhauda's good fortune was not left as a heritage to her descendants—she lived to see them returning to her own former obscurity. Many an old man in Grenoble can remember a little Claudine, who used to solicit public charity with the word, "Pray give alms to the granddaughter of the King of Poland!" What a vicissitude to "point a moral and adorn a tale!" This history is well remembered in the little village of Bachet near Huglaun, where La Lhauda was born. L. E. L.

THE DRAMA.

Or the Dramatic novelties of the past week, we need only give a concise report. At the King's Theatre, *La Gaze Ladra* has been repeated with good effect; and the new *Dance* continues to be received with applause. It displays so much taste and skill as to bode fairly for the grand ballet of Alfred, preparing under the same direction.

At Drury Lane, Mr. Elliston has resumed his station, after a severe illness. On Wednesday, *Cymbeline* was produced with a debutante Imogen, Kean in Posthumus, and Young in Iachimo. The Lady, in the scenes with Cloten, evinced comic powers; in the tender sweetness of the character she was less fortunate. Her form is petite, her voice of sufficient compass, and her air unembarrassed; but we do not think she made a happy choice for her first effort. The other leading personages have been separately seen before. Mr. Kean was more than usually hoarse. He however made some brilliant hits in the hero, though the whole was a performance greatly below the standard at which the public has been accustomed to see the character sustained. Mr. Young's Iachimo is a fine and highly-polished piece of acting: it is reckoned on the Stage the inferior part—he made it by far the most effective. The House was crowded, and the Play much applauded.

COVENT GARDEN.—Mrs. Ogilvie repeated *Catherine* on Wednesday with so much success, that *Henry VIII.* is to be given again this evening. We have nothing to add to our critique of last week, but that the Play went off with increased effect through the increased energy of this lady, and other improvements in the other characters, which repetition generally suggests.

On the 30th, Mr. Bochsa offers a great Oratorio treat to the lovers of harmony in one of Rossini's Operas.

A new Richard III. (Mr. Bennett) is announced at Covent Garden for Monday; the new Play of *Nigel* for Tuesday. At Drury Lane, Liston comes out as Tony Lumpkin on the latter evening.

The recent establishment of a French theatre at Lisbon has been attended with the greatest success. From the nature of the plays which have been performed, it would appear that the political regeneration of Portugal is one of the principal objects in view.

VARIETIES.

Royal Library.—Some of the Newspapers have been amusing their readers this week with accounts of the gift of his late Majesty's Library to the British Museum. This report is precisely as true as a preceding rumour, that the King had sold it to the Emperor of Russia. It is surprising that such inventions should obtain currency.

The Italians acknowledge more and more the merit of the comic poet Alberto Nota, who promises to surpass all his predecessors in Italy. A new Comedy of his, called *Il Bibliomaniaco* (the Bibliomaniac), was performed with great applause at Genoa in October. The enlightened part of the public consider the author as the successor and the rival of Goldoni, and impatiently expect the representation of "Alexina," a piece which was in the first instance interdicted by the censor, who disapproved of some allusions which it contained to late events.

Mr. Frederick Cilsaold, who made the next ascent of Mount Blanc after the fatal accident that befel the Guides of Dr. Hamel (see *Literary Gazette*), by the fall of an avalanche, in 1820, is about to publish an account of his Journey, for the benefit of the Guides of Chamouney.

M. Cailland, the French traveller in Egypt, arrived lately at Marseilles, where he had to perform quarantine.

The French Press.—Last week the French writers, Messrs. Arnault, Jay, Jony, and Norvire, were cited before the *Juge d'instruction*, for outrages and offences against the King's Government, in certain papers of the eighth volume of their Contemporary Biography. The *Police Correctionnelle* will immediately take cognizance of this accusation, and of that against M. Barthélemy, for his St. Helena Collection of Papers, among which O'Meara's first volume is charged as libellous upon the Royal family. The present state of the Paris Press is quite deplorable—its aspect, instead of usefulness or good, is that of a perpetual struggle to insult or avoid the laws with impunity on one side, and to enforce them rigorously on the other.

The Extraordinary Cortes have excited the emulation of the Spanish Artists, by offering a gold medal for the best model of a Monument which they have decreed to erect in the *Place de la Constitution*, in honour of all the citizens who contributed to the victory of the 7th July.

It appears that for some years very able translations have been made into Russian prose of the Poems of Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott. The *Courier de l'Europe* of 1821, inserted extracts from *The Siege of Corinth*, *Calmas* and *Orla*, [quere? Ed.] *Mazepa*, the *Giaour*, and the *Bride of Abydos*, which were published at the commencement of that year by M. Kathe-novsky. The poet Joukovsky has enriched Russian literature with a beautiful translation, in verse, of *The Prisoner of Chillon*. It is only during the present year that poetical translations have been made of the Poems of Sir Walter Scott. Several have been inserted in a literary Journal called the *Bien-intentionné*; and the *Courier de l'Europe* has published a well-executed translation of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

M. Gretch, the editor of the *Fils de la Patrie*, has published an abridged Historical Essay on Russian Literature, containing valuable materials for the future historian.

Public attention at Stockholm is at present occupied by some very extraordinary cures of obstinate syphilitic disorders, which have been effected by a Sundermanian peasant of the name of Anderson, who uses fumigation for the purpose. The President of the College of Health, and several other physicians of Stockholm, have closely observed this curative process. Anderson has been liberally rewarded; and there can be no doubt that the details of the new method will be published in the Transactions of the Swedish Medical Society.

Chess.—A writer in a Brussels publication denies to Maelzel the invention both of the automaton Chess-player and of the Metronome; maintaining that the merit of the former belongs to the celebrated Van Kempelen, and of the latter to M. Wenckel of Amsterdam. It is also asserted that an amateur of chess in Brussels has discovered the secret of the Automaton Chess-player, which, he says, consists in concealing under the table a per-

son who directs the moves. He has constructed a machine representing the table, and the drawer in which the pieces are kept, in order to prove that the real player may lie concealed in a recess behind that drawer, while the interior of the table is exposed to public view, and quit his hiding-place as soon as the doors of the table are closed; and it is declared that he has, by repeated exhibitions, convinced thousands of persons of the practicability of such an arrangement.

Population.—A remarkable increase of population is apparent on the return of Troyes in France—the births exceeded the deaths in 1822 in the proportion of 1128 to 745.

Original Anecdote.—Last Sunday, about one o'clock, the Metropolis was visited by a fog so dense, that candles were every where lighted. "This," said a pleasant old gossip sitting with another—"this puts me in mind of a story of Wilson the painter. He was tête-à-tête with Mortimer on, exactly, such an afternoon, when the latter observed that it was too dark to do any thing. "It is a d—d bad day that won't make a good night," (replied Wilson;) so shut the windows, and bring in lights, pipes, and porter." He was very fond of the latter; and so it seems must have been his cronies, for the social materials were introduced, and they sat chatting together till eight o'clock next morning!

Another.—The Bishop of — preached his first episcopal sermon before — and —, two highly distinguished public men of the present day. His Grace afterwards asked their opinion of his discourse; to which Mr. F. replied, he liked it so much, that, if he had any fault to find, it was to its being too short. "Yes (said the Bishop) I considered that better than to be tedious."—"Ah, but (Mr. C. remarked) the sermon was tedious too!"

"What (said some one to Mr. R.) you have been in Ireland, and have you never seen Cork?"—"No (replied he,) but I have seen a great many drawings of it."

Traga la Perro is the burden of a Song composed in the violence of the Spanish Revolution. The literal translation is "Swallow it, Dog," in allusion to the new Constitution being forced down the throats of the Aristocrats. The Spaniards in using the second person singular of the imperative of any verb (as *Traga* is of *Tragar*) generally join the article to it, which has led you to suppose it was one word. "*Tragalo*" is an imperative translation of "*Ca ira*" in a figurative sense.

Yours, AMICUS.

List of Books subscribed since Jan. 17.—Dunlop's History of Roman Literature from its earliest Period to the Augustan Age, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—Travels in Ireland in 1822, exhibiting brief Sketches of the Moral, Physical, and Political State of the Country, by Thomas Reid, Author of two Voyages to New South Wales, 8vo. 12s.—Booth's Letter to Malthus, in Answer to the Criticism on Mr. Godwin's Work on Population, 8vo. 5s.—Spry's Practical Treatise on the Bath Waters, 8vo. 11s.—White's Key to Taylor's Arithmetic, 12mo. 4s. sheep.—Shamrock Leaves, or the Wicklow Excursion, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—History and Method of Cure of the various Species of Epilepsy, by Dr. Cooke, forming the 2d Part of the 2d Volume of a Treatise on Nervous Disorders, 8vo. 6s.—Rivington's Annual Register, 1798, 8vo. 11.—Daughter of a Genius, 18mo. 3s. 6d. half-bound.—Taylor's Scenes of British Wealth, in Produce, Manufactures, &c. 18mo. 7s. 6d. half-bound.—Bishop Wilson's Select Sermons, by the Rev. E. Bray, 12mo. 4s.—Hayden's Sermons, 8vo. 7s.—Sturm's Religion, with

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ERRATA.—GREEK SONG.

UPON this Song we have no hesitation in inserting the following:

Sir.—In common with many of your classical readers, I hailed with pleasure the appearance of the Correspondence from Greece; but it grieved me to observe your Journal sullied by faults in translation, and the beautiful sentiments of the original perverted. It is presumed that you trusted the translation to some one imperfectly versed in the Greek language. To maintain the established reputation of your Journal, you may perhaps deem the following corrections important and necessary.—"These we give with one or two parentheses; and the explanation that the translation was made from the MS. *unaccepted and inaccurate*. After its correction we had no opportunity for comparison."

The Chorus should have been rendered, "Greeks, come on; let us raise the light, since the darkness of ignorance has fled to our enemies."

The 2d stanza: "Present state, expects from your character her ancient fame; wisdom alone gives every species of virtue and firm prosperity."

The 4th: "Calamity rushed on you; an age of light is come."—[Quere.]

There is no invocation of Apollo, nor of the God of Glory, in the 5th: "Lyceums and libraries, depositaries of wisdom, are erected with splendor; the love of immortal glory is lighted up on every side, and a vehement zeal."

The 6th: "Hail, ye youths! for the sake of instruction bound ye over," &c. "since Greece is risen again."

The 7th: "Citizens and strangers, all with enthusiasm, will celebrate you (youths) most highly to be praised; and the shades," &c.

The 9th: "What new beauties mighty Greece presents to me for the Temple of Fortune!—Is it then a phantasy? No," &c.

From the 10th to the concluding stanza, the language of the original is inimitably beautiful;—the author assigns the names of the ancient heroes of Greece to the future revivers of the Arts and Sciences. In what manner your translator, in the 10th, could possibly render *κατανομοποι* "cunning in all things"—[ad omnia callidus is certainly one of its meanings, and only the want of a comma led to its not being taken in its more appropriate sense here]—I am unable to conjecture; the word is of frequent occurrence in classical authors, and means "travellers over the sea." Hence the translation "Islanders used to the sea, Coreyreans," &c.

The 12th: "Melpomene, with her blood-stained sword, shall run her pathetic course; on the other side Thalia, throwing away the mask, shall again excite joyous laughter"—a prophecy of the revival of Tragedy and Comedy among them. Observe the translation of this stanza in your Journal.—[It is in our opinion justified, though the argument would be too long.]

The 13th: "Oh Pindar! again time thy harp with the divine Olympiad, sing the praises of the wrestlers."

The 15th, at the conclusion, "admiring the works of other Apelles."

The 17th, Chorus: "Greeks, come on, let us spread the light, that the darkness of ignorance may remain with our enemies."

ΕΛΕΟΣ ΤΩΝ ΕΛΛΗΝΩΝ.

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We shall be glad to hear from "An Elvian" again. T. M. K.'s former Communication as soon as we can: the last does not suit us.

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